

BRITANNIA

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1508/585

MOURNING:

O R

A REVIEW of the POLITICKS and CONDUCT of the Court of *Great Britain* with regard to *France*, the *Balance of Power*, and the *True Interest* of these Nations, from the *Restoration* to the present Times; and particularly since the Accession of the Illustrious House of *H—r*;

AND LIKEWISE,

A VIEW of the *present State* of our LIBERTIES, and TRADE, compared with what they have been; and of the *Management* of the present War with *Spain*,

the whole concluding with a visionary Prospect of the Glories of BRITANNIA in the Reign of *Q. ANNE*, and the present Power of the House of *BOURBON*,

A DIALOGUE between two ancient Patriot ENGLISHMEN, commonly known by the Names of *JEST* and *EARNEST*.

Quis vetat? Ridentem dicere verum,

HOR.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. HUGGONSON, in *Sword-and-Buckler-Court*, over against the *Crown-Tavern*, on *Ludgate-Hill*. MDCCXLII.



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B R I T A N N I A

I N

M O U R N I N G.

Jest. **H**AVE I caught thee at last, old Abstemious, indulging your withered Fancy with the Sight of naked Beauty? — Hah! old Cynick! are all your publick Professions of *Woman-bating* come to secret, ideal Fornication? What do you call him, of old, who fell in Love with a *Beauty* of his own *carving*, was far more sensible in his Whims than you: He had Substance at least to cling his Arms about; but thou *Light* and *Shade* only — Bless my Eyes! what do I behold? The chaste Nymph in *H—g—t's Harlot's Progress* is become the Idol of the virtuous Mr. *Earnest's* Adoration.

Earnest. The Painting in my Hand, I confess, has some Resemblance of the celebrated Picture you took it for: 'Tis by the same ingenious Artist; and the Progress of a *Female* too; but a *Female* whom I avowedly adore, as you and all your Countrymen ought.

Jest. Ha! ha! a reasonable *Being* adore Canvas and Colour! — Rank Folly and Superstition — Prithee, old Serious, where hast thou spent the *Christmas* Holy-days? At *Rome*, or *Bedlam*? — But come, let us see this precious Fair; this painted Baby you would have me bow to.

Earn. Mr. *Jest*, you are of too ludicrous a Disposition to be admitted into the Mystery of this finish'd Portraiture; you are by Nature a Trifler; hate all Subjects of Difficulty and Importance; make merry with the Foibles and Vices of the Age; and laugh at the Calamities of your Country; Therefore pardon me if I refuse you a Sight of a Piece, perhaps the most interesting to a *Briton* that ever was drawn by either Pen or Pencil.

Jest. 'Tis true, I am gay and unthinking by Nature; trivial Subjects are my Choice; and I own that I have lately generally laugh'd at the Miseries and Complaints of my Countrymen; but, old Acquaintance, infer not from my outward Appearance, that I am incapable of either Compassion or Secrecy. If I have sported with the Calamities of some, and the Complaints of others, it was not that I did not commiserate the first, and was not sensible of the Justice due

to the others; but because it was every Day, at least every *seventh Year*, in the Power of these *oppressed* Complainants to redress themselves, and yet they still complained, and were unhappy. Who, in his merry Senses, could refrain laughing at a people that set up for *Wisdom* and *Resolution*; nay, and for *Virtue* too; and yet, who have given the most pregnant Proof of being almost constantly *Fools*, *Cowards*, and *bribed Sycophants*, for upwards of twenty *Years* successively? They complain of the Decrease of *Trade*; that *France* gets their *Wool*; that they are oppress'd by *Penal Laws*; that their *National Debt* is insupportable; that they have lost all *Influence* on the *Continent*, by the *Blunders* or evil *Intentions* of their M—rs: In short, they complain of a String of *Evils* as long as a Collar of *SS*, or the *hempen String*, which *some body* deserves more than the Collar, and would not redress themselves when they might.

Earn. I am pleas'd to find you can be serious.

Jest. No two-footed Animal living more so, when I am got into honest Company; but what visible creature can screw up his Phiz, when he hears a *Villain*, who has voted for a blotted P—ce—m—n every P—t since the *Accession*, inveighing against the Administration, and complaining of *Taxes*, *Standing Armies*, and all the other *Ills* in the general Register? Who can be serious, when he hears a *Levee-baiting R—d Ass*, who daily courts *Power*, at the Expence of his Character and Conscience, complaining of the *Venality* and *Immorality* of the Age? You shall hear another dignified *Hypocrite* complaining of the Growth of *Sectaries*, and the Want of *Church-power*, who had for many *Years* wished and wrote against all *Revealed Religion*. You shall hear a P—y C—i pitying the forlorn Queen of *Hungary* at *White's*, and advising *Peace* and a *Neutrality* at the C—l T—le. Mr. *Barneſt*, I am sick of the Age; I am out of all patience with my Countrymen. They are fickle as the Wind, inconsistent as *Atheists*. They complain of the *Corruption* of their *Representatives*; this Complaint is general, and has been annual, at least since the present *Administration*; yet when these Beasts of Burden have had the Power of changing Hands, and of electing such Men as would ease and secure them from all evil Designs, what have they done? Have they acted like rational Creatures? No; they acted like *Asses*, bribed to jogg on by the Allurement of a fresh Thistle artfully thrown in their Way by their skilful *Driver*. They have, for the most part, chose those very Men they had been exclaiming against for *seven*, *fourteen*, and perhaps *twenty Years* before. Monstrous Absurdity! they complain of the Decrease of *Trade*, and yet they elect those that had occasioned the Decrease. My dear Friend, I am so sick of my Countrymen, that I beg to hear no more of them.

Earn. As your Contem— your Countrymen speaks the Sincerity



rity of your Concern for your *Country*, it is extusable. But know, my Friend, that a *true Patriot* never shines so bright as in Times of Danger and Difficulty. Does the Current of *Power* run strong against the Interest of his dear *Country*? are the generality of the People become dissolute? are they degenerated? are they *corrupted* to their own Undoing? are they made subservient to the Views of *bad Men*? still will the virtuous *Patriot* redouble his Force to stem the overwhelming Tide. He proceeds, undaunted, to alarm the *Deluded*, and intimidate the Wicked. His Steadiness confirms the Wavering; and his glorious Resolution strikes Terror in the most Audacious and Powerful. Behold the *shining few* that have gloriously struggled for *three times seven Years*: See, I say, how fair the *Prospect*, how alluring the *Hopes* from their *Virtue* and *Steadiness*. Already does fair *Freedom* raise her Head; already does *Trade* exchange the Gloom upon her Aspect for smiling Chearfulness; already does *Corruption* shun the Light of Day; already does bright *Virtue* extend her heavenly Wings o'er the whole Land: And whence this Dawn of general Happiness, but from the glorious Resolution of a *few*, a very *few good Men* amongst us, who bowed not to *Baal*, nor bartered their dear *Country* for sordid Gain? This *Country*, Mr. *Jest*, this dear *Country*, is the *Idol* which these glorious *few* have revered; 'tis that which you and I, and all thinking Beings, ought to revere; 'tis that which you saw me contemplating in the *Painting* I had in my Hand when you enter'd the Room. Here, my worthy Friend, see the fair *Britannia*, the bright *Idol* I adore; see her, in one Part of this finished Piece, clothed in a Milk-white Robe, blooming as *May*, chearful as the Summer's Dawn, rais'd high on a Pedestal ornamented with *Ensigns of Victory, Power, Peace, and Plenty*: See how the Nations of the Earth bow down to her: See the Riches of the World landed at her Feet: See *Liberty* supported by her on one Side, and the *Gorgon Tyranny* trampled upon on the other: See the *Great States of Europe* differently represented, courting her Smiles, and suing for her Alliance or Protection. Here stands *France*, in the Figure of a Nymph covered with a Mantle bespangled with *Flower-de-luces*, in a suppliant Posture, bowing the Knee, and offering a regal Crown at the Feet of the high erected *Britannia*. There stands *Spain* submissively receiving the Charter of her Possessions and Freedom, from her generous Benefactress. Behold here the *Empire* crown'd by her all-giving Hand. See there the *Dutch* kissing her Feet for the *Bulwarks* she has set between them and the mantled Nymph. See *Joy, Hope, Gratitude, or Fear*, in every Face around the exalted bright *Empress* of the Main.

But behold, my Friend, the dire *Reverse* of all this Scene of Transport in the lower Part of the *Picture*. There *Britannia* commands

and

and awes the admiring World. Here, alas! attired in *Sable*, she lies *prostrate* at the Feet of the *mantled Nymph*, whom you see seated on an Imperial Throne, with a *Scourge* in one Hand, and *Chains* in the other. Oh! Heart-breaking Sight! My Friend! my Heart bursts with Anguish—I can no more.

Jest. This Weakness, Mr. *Earnest*, ill becomes one of your known Constancy and Resolution. Why won't you trust to the Conduct of that *glorious Band* whom you so lately celebrated? They will pull down this exalted *Tyrant*, and once again raise the injured *Britannia* to her former Glory.

Earn. Mr. *Jest*, it would be more, I am afraid, than *Herculean* Labour: For see the once vigorous *Eagle*, *Britannia's* ancient Friend and Ally; see, I say, how the Royal Bird lies mangled at the *Tyrant's* Feet: See the *Dutch* already in *Chains*, and the *Imperial Diadem* on the Head of a *Slave*, with his Arms pinnioned: See *Spain*, on the mantled *Tyrant's* left Hand, reaching out regal Crowns to two Youths adorn'd with *Flower-de-luces* of a lesser size: See, my Friend, every Figure, every Part of this lower Part of the Picture, signifying the *high Power* of our ancient *Enemy*, and the Misery of our ancient Friends. I am sick of the Appearance, and, with your Leave, Mr. *Jest*, I will return the Picture to the ingenious *H—g—t*, and, by your Aid, who art the Life and Spirit of all Company you honour with your Presence, I will strive to forget my Cares, and banish from my Heart the Anxiety which this finish'd Piece has caus'd in my Mind.

Jest. I am contented, on Condition you give me your Thoughts of the present State of our Affairs: For, to tell you Truth, though I seldom trouble my Noddle about *Politicks*, I don't know how it happens, I have a strong Itch upon me, at this Time, to become a Smatterer; so that whilst the Fit is hot upon me, I beg you would indulge me; 'tis possible I may be of some Use in the Cause of *Truth*. You know I see much Company; of which, you are pleas'd to say, I am the Life and Spirit. Who knows what *Proselytes* I may make in my merry, unthinking Way? The facetious Satirist often reclains when the grave Divine fails.

Earn. Since I perceive you can be grave, and hope you are honest—

Jest. As *Paltney* himself—Oft' has the *Arch Tempter* felt my pulse; large were his Offers if I would but now and then whisper his *G—cer Legion*; but, I assure you, Mr. *Earnest*, I scorn'd all Overtures of the kind. I never exchang'd a Word with either his stupid *Scribes* or frothy *Orators*. Though I am poor I am honest, and had rather transmit *virtuous Poverty* to my Descendents, than Affluence acquired by *Corruption* and *Vice*.

Earn. I doubt it not, my facetious Friend; would to Heaven all

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our Countrymen had been of your Opinion since the *South Sea* Year!

Jest. Nay, nay, stent not your Wish. Now, when my Hand's in for wishing, Gad, I stretch up to the *Restoration*, I would say, *Revolution*; no, I mistake, I mean to the *Accession*. Pshaw! the Devil's in my Tongue when 'tis once set a going.

Earn. I don't see any harm it has done. You might safely have extended your Wishes, and your Concern too, to either of these Periods. We were *happy* after the *Restoration*; we might have been *happier* after the *Revolution*, had we made a right Use of it; and ever since the *Accession* we have been——

Jest. Ay, what have we been? you mumble that Word as if you were afraid of speaking out. Sure, Mr. *Earnest*, you don't take me for an *Informers*; an infamous *Tale-bearer*?

Earn. I really do not.

Jest. You do me but Justice; therefore, prithee, old Mumps, out with the Word *Accession*; mouth it, and sound it till you ring it in the Ears of all the publick and private *Pensioners* in the Nation.

Earn. There is another more *expressive* Word which I esteem, would be more significant and useful at this Juncture than that you mention. But pray, Mr. *Jest*, what Use could I make of the Word *Accession* towards informing you of the State of our past and present Condition?

Jest. Infinite Use. For Instance; at the *Accession*, the fair *Britannia*, that same dear Girl, whom my ingenious Friend *H—g—t* had exalted in the upper Part of his Canvas; she, I say, at the *Accession*, was *dreaded* by *France* and *Spain*, and *revered* by all *Europe* besides. She had so humbled old *Louis* and his *Grandchild*, that, Gad, if there had not been the Devil and all of *foul Play* by some one or more *sappy-headed*, unnatural *Puppies*, all the *Bourbons* had been at their last Prayers long before now. 'Sdeath! Mr. *Earnest*, do'st think that this little present *French Swaggerer*, this 15th *Louis*, and his old *Priest* at his Elbow, could say *Yea* and *Nay*, as he does at this present, to all the Sovereign F——ls on the Continent, if some *body* you know had not been more solicitous about his *Breeches* than his *Cloak*: And a damn'd thread-bare, coarse, scanty, lousy Pair of *Breeches* they are, let me tell you. I had once the Curiosity, on a bright Summer's Day, to cross the Deep, in order to examine this same curs'd *Breeches*; but the duce a fair or fine Bit could I see but what had been snip'd off the *Cloak*. You know this same *Cloak* to have been one of the fairest and richest in *Europe*; there was never a Prince on the Continent, except *Louis*, that would not willingly have exchanged all the Rags in his Wardrobe for it. But, Lord have Mercy on us! how Things are alter'd! this very same *Cloak*, so fair and so rich heretofore, is now quite thread-bare; the

Lace

Lace and Embroidery, so much as is left of them, quite tarnish'd. Nay, nay, old *Merlin*, wrinkle not thy Brow so; for, Gad! considering how damn'd fond *some body*, and *some body's Dad* have been of their old *Family-breeches*, 'tis well that any of the *Lace and Embroidery* remains on the *Cloak*. You may judge how passionately fond *some body* was, and to be sure still is, of this same home-spun *Breeches*, when he could hazard the losing this fair *Cloak* by entering into a late very extraordinary *Bargain* with a certain *French Taylor*, who approached, prepared with *Sheers and Measure*, to take the Length and Breadth of this beloved *Family Patch-work*—but, faith! old *Earnest*, so it is, that the *Cloak*, and all those that help'd to spin, weave, and full it, may go to the D——, so the *Breeches* be safe.

Earn. I hope the *Amor*—— is not so prevalent in this Instance as you would make me believe it is; because carrying it to too great a length would argue a *Weakness* scarce ever heard of before; and it would likewise be a Proof of the rankest *Ingratitude* that ever had been shown towards a brave, willing, faithful Family of *Domesticks*.

Jest. You may *hope* as much as you will, old *Careful*; but, Gad, stretch your *Hopes* to the *Antipodes*, and let me tell you they will fail thee, if you *hope* that *some body* does not love his *Family Breeches* better than a *Cloak*, which his *Dad* was the First of his Ancestors that ever had such a one. As for your *Observations* of any body's or no body's *Weakness* and *Ingratitude*, you may stop Bottles with them. Spight of all your musty *Observations* and *Arguments*, *some Men* will be *semper idem*; nay, more, this same *idem semper* shall run thro' the Blood of the whole *Race*; so that, Gad, every Mother's Son of them, shall have the same Taste, the same Love for old *Family Breeches*; in short they shall all of them, from Generation to Generation, be —

Earn. What, Mr. *Jest*?

Jest. How you snap one up. What! why what, in the Name of Wonder, did you think would have followed?

Earn. I can't tell. You are so apt to shoot your Bolt at random, that —

Jest. You were afraid I should run your Neck and my own into a Noose. Ha, ha!—Come, come, old Friend, Safe's the Word with with me, jocosely and careless as I seem to be. I intended to say no more than that it was very probable the *Family*, God bless them, Babes and all, would be: You knit your hoary Brows so, that, let me die, I can't say what they would or will be; but this I say, that it was thought *some body* would have discharg'd the *Steward* on *Dad's* Death: But the Devil a bit, says *Punch*; the *Steward* was continued, tho' it was believ'd he was not beloved, and

and his Power was increas'd; so that, Gad, as most *Families* adhere to certain standing *Maxims*, from which they never swerve, I am apt to think the same *Steward* would be still kept in Place, if some body's Son's turn were come. So, to put an end to the Argument, or rather Tale, *Semper idem* is like to be the Word to the End of the Chapter.

Earn. You have made a pretty Spot of Work on't.—*Semper idem* from *Father* to *Son*, to the End of Time.

Jest. Ay, Gad, and longer, if you can make longer out. And more, the *Breeches* preferred to the *Cloak in secula seculorum*—But come; I am sick of the Thought, and many others that shall be bury'd with me. Let us drop *Masks* and *Veils*, and give every *Man*, *Country* and *Thing* its proper Name. Let us speak out; let us say what we have been, what we are, and what we are like to be. Mr. *Earnest*, the serious Fit is now strong upon me: Pray indulge me whilst it holds: I am all Attention—Proceed.

Earn. You seem to expect mighty Matters; such as a Dissertation upon Government, or something as elaborate; but, my merry Friend, did you know how unequal I am to —

Jest. Fiddle faddle—prithee no more of Inequality and Inability: All I desire of you is to speak *Truth*. Sure it does not require extraordinary Talents to speak *Truth*: Have but *Honesty*, and my Life for't, *Truth* bolts out spontaneously: Don't think I flatter when I tell you, that I always look'd upon you as one of the *Honestest* Fellows in the Nation. I loved thee for thy *Honesty*; and kept thee Company, when I could have been better diverted by *Rogues*; for no Reason in the World, but because you were *honest*, and spoke *Truth*. I think we left off at the Word *Accession*; but you may go higher if you will; nay, you may hop up to the *Revolution*, if you can find any thing there to help out the Colouring of your Picture of poor *Britannia*. You may say that she, fair Nymph, had almost all the Trade of the known World, before the ill Conduct of *James II.* gave birth to the *Revolution*. Say, that she owed not a *Groat* to either *Foreigners* or *Natives*; that her *Taxes* were very moderate, not a *fourth* of what they have been since; that, because they were so, the *Necessaries of Life* were cheap; *Labour* was so. The Consequence of which was, that we were enabled to work up our *Manufactures* so moderately cheap as to command most of the Markets of the World. This extensive Trade, this general Call for our *Manufactures*, this national Happiness, gave a Value to Land, tho' the Produce of Land was not excessive dear. The Produce of Land was not dear, not because Land was not valuable, but because Land was not *taxed*, and that the *Taxes* upon our Consumption were trifling. The Consumer paid no more than Things were intrinsically worth, not as they are rated now, loaded with

Taxes. Say, that we had few or no *Penal Laws*; say, —Gad, I am almost out of Breath. Prithee, dear Mr. *Earnest*, break thro' your damn'd stubborn Taciturnity, and save the Remains of my poor Lungs, already half exhausted with laughing at the *late* and *present* wise *Generations*.

Earn. Wise *Generations* in truth, that could see—

Jest. That could not, nor cannot see, you should say—They see; my wise *Countrymen*, see! No, no; *seeing* is not the Characteristic of the giddy *Sons* of the dear *Britannia*. Get any of them that *sees* the Length of his *Nose*, and I will be bound never to laugh at them whilst I breathe. Nay, I will go yet farther, and assert, that *he* amongst us who has pull'd the whole Nation by the *Nose* ever since the *South Sea Year*; I say, that even this *Nose-squeezer* *sees* no farther than the Herd whom he has tamely driven.

Earn. How! not allow a Man to *see*, that has rose from *Nothing* above all his Predecessors in Office! Retract, Mr. *Jest*, or I shall suspect either your Judgment or Sincerity.

Jest. Mistake me not. You seem to take my Words in too general a Sense. The Sight I mean is that which hath regard to *Future*: A Species of *seeing* in which the *Nose-squeezer* is wholly deficient, or the Affairs of *Europe* had not been so woefully intangled as they are at this Time; nay, the Situation which he himself is in at present, is the strongest Proof that he is incapable of *seeing* into a Millstone. It was thought, indeed, but it was by the *Thoughtless* only, that he had a pretty good Knack of *seeing* within the Bowels of *Britannia*, and particularly within and near St. *S—p—n's Ch—e*. This Gift was allow'd to him by those, who deny'd him any Faculty of *seeing* beyond our narrow *Seas*: But from the Plight we behold him in at present, 'tis plain his *Ascent* was fortuitous, and not owing to superior Talents or Gifts: He always dealt in *Noses*, and met, by chance, with *one* or *two* of *Wax*, which he molded and fashioned, as best suited his own private Purposes.

Earn. You'll admit that he could *see* far enough to rise to Power and Affluence:

Jest. Yes; but does he *see* so far as to perpetuate in his Family the great Wealth he has accumulated? Could he *see* like a wise Man, he would help to exonerate his Country whilst he had Power, were it but to exonerate his own *Posterity*. Could he *see*, he would not endanger the *Freedom* of succeeding Generations, of those of his own Blood, by adding new *Strength* where there always has been as much or more than was consistent with the Liberties of a free People. I admit he can *see* his immediate Interest, just the present; so did *J—n W—e*. But *J—n* saw not the dire Consequences of his Practice, tho' they were obvious as Sun-shine.

Earn. Fy, Mr. *Jest*, so uncouth a Comparison from so polite, courtly a Gentleman as you.

Jest.

Jest. *Courtly!* You may thank your Stars that this is one of my passive Days, or, Gad, the Word *Courtly*, or any thing of or about *Courts*, would have put my Rapier into this Right Hand; but as this is not one of my fighting Days, you are safe, provided always that you name not the Word *Court*, nor any thing like it, whilst I am in your Company.

Earn. A severe Injunction! but, rather than lose you, it shall be observed. But pray, my merry Friend, why so averse to the hearing a Place mentioned where you have been revered for Ages?

Jest. 'Tis true, I was caressed within the Royal Walls in *Charles II.*'s Reign; but I was banished on the Demise of that witty facetious Prince. The *Courtiers* in the Royal Brother's Reign were too much in *Earnest*; they were too intent upon destroying their Prince, by precipitating him into weak Measures, to admit of a jocular loose-tongued Fellow as I am. The two following Reigns were so entirely taken up in forming *Grand Alliances*, in Support of the *Balance of Power*, and of Wars in consequence of such Confederacies, that I scarce ever entered the Palace till after the Peace of *Utrecht*.

Earn. But after the *Accession* ———

Jest. Ay, upon the *Accession*, you would say, I was the Darling of the C——t.

Earn. I intended to say so; for as Mirth is the constant Concomitant of *Peace* and *Plenty*, where could you range so unconstrained as amongst Ministers who procured us the one, by securing us the other?

Jest. I shall have a Touch at your *Peace* and *Plenty* by-and-by; in the mean while, you must know, that all the Ministers and their wife ——— since the *Accession*, were too profound for so frothy a Companion as your humble Servant: The *present*, particularly, are a Set of profound State *Conjurors*, that have (Heaven reward them for their Toil) brought our Nobles to ———. They were all along so intent upon *undoing* the boasted Works of our Ancestors, that they would scarce permit me to take a Tour in the *Mall*, for fear of disturbing the *Profounds* in an adjacent Building.

Earn. Upon Recollection, I don't wonder you should be secluded from the Company of our *State Sages*, and *Sages* they certainly must be —.

Jest. Or *Conjurors*, to be able to reduce a *rich* People to Poverty, a *free* People to S——y, and a *brave* People to Cowardice.

Earn. In Truth, Mr. *Jest*, it requires no small Degree of Skill to be able to shift so fair a *Scene* as you and I have seen, not full *thirty Years* ago, and replace it with one full of Gloom and Horror. To do this, without Convulsion or publick Confusion, argues uncommon Skill.

Jest. It would require superior Skill indeed, if they had not the *tamest* Wretches in the World to deal withal— But, to give the D—— his Due, I admit our sage M——rs to be *Wizards* and *Conjurers*; and, Gad, let me tell you, I fancy they thought themselves such, and were afraid their Enemies would put the old *Law* against *Witches* in Execution, when they projected the Repeal of it— Now for your *Peace* and *Plenty*, old Boy— Do you call it *Peace* to be every Year arming by Sea and Land; to have annual Fleets parading either at *Spithead* or the *Downs*; to have Encampments in the *West* and *East*; which, however inoffensive they were, have still been attended with the Expence of War? Then as for *Plenty*, 'tis true the Seasons for the most Part were favourable, and the Products of Land were neither scanty nor unwholsome; yet *Plenty* was unknown amongst our unhappy Artizans. The Increase of the *Poor's Rate* all over the Nation is a Proof of the Decay of *Trade*, the Decrease of Industry, the Ruin of the *Woollen Manufacture*, and the Misery and Want of the whole People, a few overgrown *Placemen* excepted— Give up, old Musty, your *Peace* and *Plenty*, or, by this Light! I shall conclude you to be as arrant a *Shifter* and *secret Pensioner*, as Mr. *what do you call him*, of N—— B——, who came in by his Grace's Interest, but now turns his B—— upon his Benefactor.

Earn. I wish your Mr. *what do you call him* may be the only Instance of *Ingratitude* amongst our new *Representatives*; for I dread the present Recess will produce many more *Monsters*. *Three Weeks*, to an active M——r, with a T——y at his Command, is a vast Reprieve.

Jest. But the D——l a Sous in the Ex——r, if you will believe *Lady Fame*. She, forsooth, trumpets about, that the great *Monster-maker* scatter'd his *Pence* so about him last Summer, that he left not a Silver Groat in the Sack——

Earn. Pshaw! a M——r in full Power want Money at a Pinch!

Jest. And such a damn'd *Pinch*, my Friend, as I would not be put to for the Ex——r, nor for the *Garter* upon some body's Left Leg— A curs'd *Pinch* it would be, should it work up that same *Garter* from below the *Knee* to the *Gullet*—But what of that? Let every Tub stand on its own Bottom. As Men *sow*, they must hope to *reap*. If any one or more deserve a *Garter* above, as much as some others do below, the *Knee*, e'en let them, or him, take it. I envy them not their Wealth, Power, or Honours—*Glory* and *Fame* everlasting they might have acquired; but, if they chose *Infamy* eternal, it would be Pity to strip them of their Choice.

Earn. Alas! my dear Friend, what matters it to you and me, or to the Nation, that *Delinquents* are punished? The Chastisement of great Offenders may deter future *Statesmen*; and so far it may be

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as useful as necessary for succeeding Generations. But will the Tower, the Gibbet, or the Block, retrieve our Trade, the Balance of Power, or that ancient Bulwark of the Liberties of Europe, the House of Austria? Will present Chastisement restore Britannia to the Influence she had not many Years ago all over the World? Will it bring down the House of Bourbon? Will hanging one or more great Villains secure the Protestant Religion, when France dictates to all Europe? Will chopping off a few obnoxious Heads restore to Life above twenty thousand brave Britons, Landmen and Seamen; that have been sacrificed ignominiously, I am afraid industriously, since the Commencement of the present War with Spain?

Jest. Nay, nay, for that Matter, you may put as many Interrogatories as old Quibble does to an honest Evidence before a special Jury, and to as little Purpose; but, my Querist, if great Rogues are not punished, how shall small ones be deter'd? Again, if bad M——rs are not put out of the Way, how shall we come by good Ministers? And would you remedy great national Evils without punishing, at least removing, those that had occasioned those heavy Evils? Sure I am, that the Men who have brought us to the unhappy Plight we are in, are the unfittest in the Nation to extricate us out of the Miseries they have brought upon us, and the greater Part of Europe in general.

Earn. The Removal of the present M——y may be a Step towards a Cure of the great Evils that affect the Nation; and the Punishment of great Delinquents may carry the Cure a little farther: But all this is but skinning over an Ulcer; the Virulency remains, and will soon break out again, and, probably, attended with greater Danger. To make a thorough Cure, Matters must be sifted to the Bottom; the Evil must be traced up to its Source, the Root——

Jest. Ay, the Root—Pshaw! I mean, that—— is the Root of all Evil—I have a Head, and so has a minickin Pin—I intended to say that Corruption; no, no, Avarice, was the Root of all Evil. Well, 'tis a Vice, thank Heaven, I am not acquainted with; and tho' I have heard much said of it by Philosophers and Divines, I confess myself still to be an Ignoramus as to its Properties and Qualities. The Book-worms will tell you, that this same Avarice will blind a Man so that he shall not be able to distinguish Colours; he shan't know a fair, spotless, good-looking Man, from a black, carbuncle-faced Fellow with the Gallows in his brazen Phiz. A covetous Man, say they, can't distinguish his Friends from his Foes; Right from Wrong; publick Good from private Views; Liberty from Oppression; nor that the immediate Interest of his Family is incompatible with the ignoble Passion he stoops to. They go yet farther; they assert, That a covetous Man cannot see a Crumb of his own real Interest; that he would sacrifice all his best and truest Friends,

Friends, rather than part with a *Doit* ; that he would risk his *Cloak*, and even his darling Family *Breeches*, before he would open his *Bags*—Nay, more, these musty Truth-tellers insist upon't, that a *covetous Man* can be neither a good *Father*, a good *Master*, except to one that *feeds* him, a good *Friend*, nor a good *Man*. Then, Gad, if a Man be good for nothing, as the Saying is, e'en—

Earn. Hold, Mr. *Jest*.—

Jest. Not I, faith—I will stop none for thee. What the Devil would you have me to do with a Mortal *good for nought* ? What ! you would have me court and caress him ; fawn upon him, lick his Feet for kicking me, kiss his Hand for buffetting me ? You would have me, forsooth, bless him for chastizing me, for depriving me of my Beef, Pudding and Claret, and for putting me in the Power of my *Enemies* at home and abroad.—No, no ; if I must *adore* a Man, it must be for some good Reason. Let me find by his Actions that he loves me ; that he loves no body less deserving, dutiful or affectionate, better ; that he does all in his Power to promote my Interest, which may happen to be *inseparable* from his own ; if he can save out of his *Income*, let me see that he lays out his Savings willingly and wisely in Times of Danger ; it will be as sure a Mark of his *Love* and *Wisdom* to expend in *ticklish* Times, as it would be to lay up and save in Days of *Peace* and *Tranquillity*. Let me see a Man inclined to form no Designs on either my *Liberty* or my *Property*, nor inclined to permit others to injure me in either ; in short, let me find a Man tender, affectionate, *generous*, wise, cool, intrepid and disinterested ; and that Man I will *love*, and even pay him *Adoration*, though he be but *Flesh* and *Blood* like you or I. But if you ever catch one of the Blood of the old *English Jests* upon his Knees to a Man without these Qualifications, you shall stretch this Windpipe of mine—*Love for Love* is the *Motto* of my Family ; and, if I mistake not, of your's too, Mr. *Earnest*.

Earn. 'Tis so ; it was taken up by one of the Family in *France* in the Reign of *Henry IV.* call'd the *Great*, by that dancing, dangerous Nation.

Jest. Upon what Occasion ! Pray oblige me with a Narrative of the Circumstances.

Earn. I can refuse you nothing. *Henry IV.* touch'd to the quick that the Duke *D'Espernon*, a bold, wise and faithful Subject, had found fault with the Conduct of the Ministry, and particularly with the King's *Partiality* ; he told the Duke with great Warmth * ; *Qu'il etoit un facheux ; qu'il ne cherchoit que les occasions de luy déplaire ; qu'il luy auroit fait plus de plaisir de demeurer éloigné, que de s'approcher de sa personne pour luy donner du mecontentement ; Et enfin, qu'il sçavoit bien qu'il y avoit long-tems qu'il ne l'aimoit pas.* Such lan-

guage,

* *Duke D'Espernon's Life.*

guage, from so great a Prince, would have disconcerted any other but the Duke; but he, without Hesitation, answered; *Sire, votre Majesté n'a point un plus fidelle serviteur que moy dans le royaume; J'aimerois mieux mourir que de manquer à la moindre partie de mon devoir: mais, Sire, pour ce qui est de l'amitié, votre Majesté sçait bien qu'elle ne s'acquiert que par l'amitié.*—You understand the French?

Jest. Perfectly. Amongst many other Reproaches, the King told the Duke, That he knew of a long Time he did *not love him*. To which the Duke reply'd, "Sir, as for *Love*, your Majesty knows full well that 'tis not to be acquired but by *Love*."—But pray, Mr. *Earneſt*, how did old *Harry* take the blunt, but honest, Repartee?

Earn. As a wise Man ought; in good part. So far was the good Prince from taking ill the bold Frankness of a faithful Subject, he, on the contrary, caress'd him ever after; and, as a Mark of his Confidence in him, left his Queen and Children to his Care in an Invasion he intended to execute in Person, if an untimely Death had not prevented him.

Jest. How happy might Subjects be under so wise and cool a Prince!

Earn. And how happy might Princes be did they act with *Temper*, *Wisdom*, *Affection* and *Moderation*! Did Princes *love* their Subjects, they would cherish them: Did they *love*, they would neither oppress themselves, nor suffer others to oppress: Did they *love*, they would always find grateful Returns of *Love*: In fine, did Princes do as in Justice, even in good Policy, they ought, they needed neither *Guards* nor *Armies* but to protect their People; they needed no *Fleets* but to protect the Trade of their Subjects; nor *Exchequer*, but the Purses of the whole Nation. Let a Prince but show by his Actions that he *loves* his People, and he may assure himself of their Treasure; nay, of their Lives too, should he want Defence. Call to mind the happy Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*; the People were convinced she *loved*, and they judged right.

Jest. It was impossible they should judge wrong, when they had so many undoubted Testimonies of her *Love*. What doubt could Subjects have of their Sovereign's Affection, who, in every Instance, saw her as arduously pursuing their Interest as her own Glory? She protected their Trade, and extended it beyond what it ever was before. If she demanded *Subsidies* of them, she laid them out for the Interest, Ease and Glory of the Nation. Did she raise *Armies*? it was solely for their Defence, not to *intimidate* or *enslave* them; and as soon as the Purposes of the Publick were served, (for she had no *private Views*, nor *separate Interest* from her People) the Army was disbanded. She *loved* her People too tenderly to continue their Burden unnecessarily; and yet there was no *national Debt*,

no

no weighty Clog of *fifty Millions* to induce her to *Economy*. Nay, she carried her *Tenderness* for her People much farther; she often generously returned to them *whole Subsidies* that had been given her for their Protection, whenever she was able to protect them without Expence. She had no Desire to amass Treasure. If her People had Money, she was sure never to want it in any Exigency; and, without absolute Necessity, she never called to them for any. Upon the whole, she was an indulgent true Parent of her People; and, as such, she commanded their Hearts and their Riches. They were liberal, because she was not *covetous*. My Countrymen are by Nature Admirers of Generosity; they naturally hate *Avarice* in private Life, but they abhor it in their *Rulers*; but Queen *Elizabeth* having a Heart truly *English*, accommodated herself to their Humour, not so much from Motives of Self-interest, as out of Choice.

Earn. My jocular Friend, it gives me infinite Pleasure to find that you have your serious Intervals.

Jest. I confess they are not frequent; once or twice in a Season perhaps; but when once the *political Jaundice* has seized me, it is sure to take in this whole Machine of mine; every Limb of me is affected, my Heart glows, my Brain swims, and my Tongue—

Earn. Moves so fast as to leave no Room for the Motion of any other but your own. Ha! ha!

Jest. A just Reprimand for having so long silenced your's, far more capable of entertaining and edifying. I heartily beg your Pardon, and intreat you to begin those Observations of the *past* and *present* State of the Nation, which you gave me hopes of, and which few Men can make so truly and accurately.

Earn. Flattery is so much in Fashion in the corrupt Age we live in, that even the sacred Laws of Friendship, I perceive by your Encomiums, are not of Force enough to banish it from amongst the most intimate.

Jest. Truce, my dear Friend. What you call *Flattery* was the pure Result of my Opinion of your Experience and Probity; but—

Earn. Nay, nay, since I find you resolv'd to continue it, I will proceed to prevent your saying what must necessarily lessen you in my Esteem:—To begin then; From the *Restoration* to the Death of King *Charles II.* never was our *Trade* so beneficial and flourishing, nor the People so happy; our *Taxes* were moderate, the Nation was not incumbered with Debts; nor were we awed either by a *military Force*, or oppressed by civil Legions of *Drones* employ'd by and under the Command of the *Treasury*; but still some amongst us were uneasy, which gave rise to Cabals, Parties, and Plots. This Uneasiness sprung from two Causes chiefly; one was purely religious, the other solely political. It was suspected that the King was

secretly

secretly inclined to the *Romish* Religion, and the Biass of his Brother, the Heir apparent to that Opinion, was scarce questionable, though he declared not openly till after *Charles's* Death.

Jest. He declared as soon as it became necessary, like a Man of Honour; for which Reason, if there had been no other, as there were many, I always look'd upon the younger Brother to have been the honefter Man of the two.

Earn. King *James II.* was naturally a Man of his Word, and sincere, understood the Interest, particularly the *commercial* Interest of these Kingdoms, best of any Prince that went before him; and was as capable of making the Nation every way happy, as any King we have had, if he had not been too zealous in Religion. He had a good and sound Understanding, which made me wonder how he came to be led into all those destructive Measures which lost him the Affection and Confidence of his Subjects: For he certainly had more Experience, and as clear, if not a clearer Head than any of those in whom he confided most to his Ruin. In short, he wanted no Qualification, but the Religion of his People, to have made us a great and happy Nation.

Jest. Did he love his People?

Earn. I won't answer for his Love to all his Subjects in general, because I have heard that the *Scots* and *Irish* complained of his Partiality to his *English* Subjects.

Jest. Complaint is so blended with human Nature, that it is not improbable but the *English* complained of his Partiality to his other Subjects.

Earn. I don't remember to have heard Complaints on that particular Head; nor do I believe there was any Occasion for it; for I never knew that that Prince was tax'd with want of Tenderness for his Countrymen.

Jest. What do you call a Want of Tenderness, if making Attempts upon People's Liberties be not such? He declared himself of a different Communion from his People; and you know, Mr. *Earnest*, that *Popery* and *Slavery* are inseparable.

Earn. The Annals of many Nations, and particularly of our own, give strong Evidence of the contrary: For our *Magna Charta*, and most other Laws that secure our *Liberties*, even at this Day, we owe to the Virtue and Resolution of our *Popish* Ancestors. I know not what modern *Popery* may have in it to incline Men to Slavery; but certain I am, that *Papists* are not the only *Slaves* in *Europe*. Extend your View to the *Protestant* States of *Germany*; and, indeed, to those of *Europe* in general, you will find scarce any Traces of *Liberty*, unless it be in these Kingdoms, the *United Provinces*, *Sweden*, a few *Hans Towns*, and the lesser Number of the *Swiss Cantons*. Of these last the Majority are of the *Romish* Communion; and so are the free States of *Poland*, *Venice*, *Genoa*, *Lucca*, and

St. Marino: So that it does not appear evident to me, that the Christian Religion, whether *Papish* or *Protestant*, has any thing in it, merely as a Religion, that either strengthens or weakens the sacred Bands of Freedom. The *Virtuous* and *Courageous* may, and will, always be free; or at least will make glorious Struggles for Freedom, be they either *Protestant* or *Papish*: And *Ambition* and *Tyranny* will seize the Heart of some *Princes*, be their Religion what it will.

Jest. The Religion of Princes! Ha, ha! The pious Drama acted at present in *Germany* and *Italy*, loudly speaks the Justice and Religion of the Princes of Europe. Mr. *Earnest*; I imagined you were too well read in History, and too well acquainted with the present Set of Scepter'd Mortals, to suggest that Religion was an Article in the Creed of any of them, except our own gracious Monarch, whose Piety and Virtue of every Complexion, are as conspicuous as Father *Sol* in a Summer's Day, or Mother *Luna* in a frosty Winter's Night. Thrice happy are we that have so bright an Example to copy! — But, that you may have no Room to reprimand me a second Time for Flattery, I will drop the pleasing Subject, that you may go on with the Portraiture you began — You said that in *Charles II.*'s Days, the national Uneasiness arose from two principal Causes. The Dread of Popery, I suppose, was one; a pretty Puppet to play with, when crafty, ambitious Men have any secret Game to play. Pray what was the other?

Earn. A Consequence of the first; Dread of Slavery.

Jest. I thought you would come at last to perch upon my Twig, of Popery and Slavery to be inseparable.

Earn. I have already shewn you, that *Papists* may be free, and that *Protestants* may be Slaves.

Jest. You have so; pray Heaven we may never know it by Experience! but, unless you can shew me that the Slavery dreaded in King *Charles*'s Reign was not to be grafted on Popery, you can never persuade me out of my first Opinion.

Earn. If *Charles* and *James* had been staunch *Protestants*, their Conduct, in Regard to *France*, would have authorised the Dread conceiv'd of Slavery in those Days. Could *Englishmen* sit down unconcerned whilst their Princes tamely saw *France* extending her Limits, encroaching upon her Neighbours, enlarging her Trade, and dictating to all Europe? This ignominious Tameness in our Court in those Days, alarmed the Wise at the first; and, at last, the whole Nation. The Alarm was just; it was founded on those stated Maxims of Policy which forbid the Increase of any one single Power that might endanger that European Balance of Power, which is the Security of general Freedom. Had *Charles* withstood the Gold and alluring Promises of *Louis XIV.* he needed not have dissolved his Parliaments, nor apprehended Plots; and had *James*, who, to do him Justice, I believe was above being a Pensioner; had he,

he, I say, chimed in with the Humour of his People, in confederating with those Powers that were inclined to check the Career of *Louis*, we should have had no *Revolution*. His *Religion* was not so obnoxious as his Conduct with Regard to *France*, because in Reality it was not so dangerous. We might have been a great and happy Nation, though King *James* had been a *Mahometan*, or had no Religion at all; but we must have lost our Influence in *Europe*, our Trade, and, necessarily, our Liberties, by his servile Complaisance to *France*, had he continued on the Throne.

Jest. But may not his *Tameness* be owing rather to a Dread of the Power of *Louis*, than to Friendship?

Earn. I can't think so meanly of that unfortunate Prince, who gave many signal Instances of his Courage. Besides, he had no immediate Cause for apprehending the Resentment of *France*; he had no Competitor to his Crown, whom he might dread to be play'd upon him, should he join the Friends of Liberty.

Jest. 'Sdeath! and had a King of *Great Britain* twenty Competitors, would that be any Reason for him to sit with his Arms across, when he might have commanded the Hearts and Hands, gad, and the purses too, of a brave People, willing to level the growing Tyrant?

Earn. A King of *England*, that governs so as to acquire the Affections of his Subjects, can never want their Support in the Cause of general Liberty.

Jest. Nor to baffle all Designs in favour of any Competitors; but, Mr. *Earneſt*, should any of our Kings, in time to come, chuse rather to awe than woo his People; to oppress, rather than ease them; tamely to neglect, rather than protect them; should *England* be ever cursed with such a Chief, that should be deaf to the Complaints of a whole People, against an impious wicked Minister; who should sacrifice the national Interest in every Instance; who should corrupt the Senate; who should intimidate by an Army; and who should continue the national Debt, not only to increase the Number of his Dependents, but as a Security for the Obedience of the Subject; should, I say, Britons ever be plagued with a King that should rule thus, unlike the Father of his People, I won't answer that he would not have good Cause for dreading a Competitor.—But I forget that I impertinently interrupt you in the Course of your Inquiry. King *James*, you said, with many shining Qualities, lost his Crown chiefly for having too great Confidence in *France*, and not joining vigorously in Maintenance of the Balance of Power.

Earn. 'Tis true: If that mistaken Prince had closely confederated with the Emperor, and other Princes of *Germany*, the Duke of *Bavaria*, and the *United Provinces*, to check the Ambition of *Louis XIV.* the *Revolution* had never been supported, nor so much as dream'd of by these Foreign Powers.

Jest. Well, a grazing the frenchify'd King was sent, and the Throne was filled by a Prince who certainly was neither enamour'd nor afraid of old *Louis*.

Earn. Necessity made King *William* an Enemy to *Louis*, who first attempted the Conquest of his native Country in 1672, and afterwards asserted the Rights of the abdicated King. Some would say, that *Envoy* had no small Share in the *Enmity* which King *William* was thought to bear to *Louis*. Great Men seldom can brook an Equal, much less a Superior in Power and Glory. But, be the Cause what it will, 'tis certain King *William* hated *Louis XIV.* personally; perhaps it had been better for these Kingdoms if he had abhorred his *Ambition* more than his *Person*. But, prejudiced as King *William* is supposed to have been, *Louis* found Means to over-reach him, in the Treaty for partitioning the *Spanish* Monarchy after the Death of *Charles II.* King of *Spain*.

Jest. Ah! that damn'd *Partition-Treaty*! 'tis strange that so penetrating a Prince as King *William* was supposed to be, could be so deluded: Methinks the Consequence was too obvious to escape his Observation.

Earn. As great a Genius as that Prince was, he had his Foibles; the Earl of *P——d* was a Favourite; and the Favourite was caress'd at the *French* Court: He had uncommon Honours paid to him in his Embassy to *Louis XIV.* and 'tis not improbable but that *Louis* found out that he was a *Dutchman*.

Jest. Low *Dutchman* or High *Dutchman*, all a one for that; *Self-interest* guides the World—Well; we got the *Partition-Treaty* by that Reign, and a *Legacy*, by far a better Thing. We secured our *Religion*, which, to be sure, is a precious Jewel with the present Generation of *Free-thinkers*, and our Liberties to boot, in that warlike Reign. 'Tis true they cost us pretty dear; I think about 50 Millions ready Money, besides about 18 Millions, which we owed at the Death of that great King; but who would not spend to the last Shilling to support a King that would rather fight than negotiate Preliminaries or sneaking *Neutralities*?

Earn. *England* may get by fighting, but never by *treating*, with *France*, unless she has——

Jest. Abler and honest *Negotiators* than a certain Couple that have taken their stand on each Side of the T——; but, to the Subject in Hand; King *William* left us a *Legacy*, God bless him for his Generosity, and a Debt of 18 Millions for his Successor to pay off.

Earn. He did so; but he left a *War* also, which Queen *Anne* must have taken up, or be undone, as Matters had been managed.

Jest. Oh! let that damn'd *Partition-Treaty* be curs'd a second Time; and for ever, say I—Well; good Queen *Anne* took up the Gauntlet, and, faith, well became her; for tho' she wore but *Petticoats*,

ticoats, she paid off old *Louis's* Jacket with a Witness. She had a good *English* Heart of her own, and so had her Ministers, Generals, and Admirals. She clapt no *Padlock* on the Swords of her Commanders, but gave them Orders to kill, burn and destroy, and meant that her Orders should be literally obeyed. She broke none of her deserving Officers for *voting* according to their Conscience; nor would she countenance, much less *protect*, a *Minister* that should dare to resent a brave Commander's *voting* as he thought proper. She, glorious Princess, had no *separate Interest* from her people; she looked upon them as her political Children, and was so tender a Mother, that she contributed largely towards the publick Expence out of a scanty Revenue, and put an End to the War as soon as she perceived that the Purposes of the War were answered.

Earn. Your Encomiums of that good Queen are as just, as it is true, that the *Balance of Power*, which was the principal Purpose of the *War*, would have been for ever secured, if succeeding Ministers had not connived at, or, at least, tamely and shamefully permitted an Increase of the Power and Influence of the House of *Bourbon*.

Jest. What could infatuate Men to steer the same Course which lost *James II.'s* Crown?

Earn. After Queen *Anne's* Death a new System of Policy was embraced, a System, as difficult to be reconciled to the Intetest of *England*, in particular, as to that of *Protestants* in general: *France* was courted and caress'd, and the *Emperor* and the other Parties to the *grand Alliance*, were neglected at least, if not openly slighted.

Jest. Ah! Mr. *Earneſt*, the *Breeches*, the *Breeches*! that damn'd lousy *Breeches* has caused all our present Woe.

Earn. Tho' it was obviously the Interest of *Great Britain*, and, indeed, of all the Powers of *Europe*, except *France*, that the Emperor's Hands should be strengthen'd; yet am I afraid, that other Notions were entertained by those who slighted his Imperial Majesty, and fawn'd upon *France* after the Queen's Decease, and ever since. This Indifference, not to call it by a harsher Name, towards the Emperor, has caused the present Weight of Calamities that o'erwhelm the Queen of *Hungary*. I own it has often puzzled me to find any colourable Excuse for the Conduct of our *British* Ministry with regard to *France* and the late Emperor, ever since the Accession of our present Royal Family. I could not see why a *Protestant German* Family might not think it their Interest to strengthen the Hands of the House of *Austria* against that of *Bourbon*: Methinks their Territories in *Germany* should weigh with them in regard to the Head of the Empire, whose Power would always be the best Security of the inferior Princes of *Germany* against *France*, and all other foreign Powers. I should think also, that it would have been the natural Interest of the present Royal Family, to keep *France* as low

low as she was left by the Peace of *Utrecht*: it being certain that no Power in *Europe* can so conveniently, or so powerfully, support the Interest of the *Pretender*; nor had any other shewn so great Willingness to abet the Pretensions of the *Competitor* as *France*. These Motives for supporting the late *Emperor*, and for restraining the Power of *France*, seem so obvious and so cogent, that I confess I am puzzled—

Jest. To account for a Series of *Blunders*—Why don't you call Things by their proper Names? For my Part, I hate palliating Matters. I love Truth, and shall never conceal it in Complaisance to Ministers, or —. Now you shall see how soon I shall develop this Mystery, which puzzled so many wiser Heads than mine. Without being a Conjuror, I think one may conclude that the *Family Breeches* drew upon us all the Evils we complain of. For Instance; the *Emperor* may be look'd upon as a necessary Ally by *Britain*; the more powerful he was, the securer would she be against *France*, her Rival and hereditary Enemy; but as Head of the *Empire*, the *Emperor* may have been seen in another Light by an E—r of H—r. He might think, that the Lustre of another House in *Germany* eclipsed his own; that he was seated on a powerful Throne, which would enable him to give the Law in the *Empire*, if the *Head* were less powerful; and that he could not safely enlarge his hereditary *Dominions* till the *Head* of the *Germanick* Body should be so reduced as not to be in Condition to support the Rights of the weakest Members. B—n and V—n were new Acquisitions, and others were in view, of which the *Emperor*, as impartial Chief of the *Empire*, ought not, nor would not, give the Investiture, whilst he was able to assert the Power annex'd to the Imperial Diadem. I assert again and again, that the Passion of some Folks for the old *Family Breeches* was the original of all the Slight put upon *Charles VI.*—You will say, Why should Men of Sense prefer a scanty, paultry Pair of *Breeches*, to a full, fair *Cloak* made of the best Stuff in *Europe*? I answer, first, That there are some Prejudices which some Men can never get the better of; and, next, that the old *Breeches* were all that Men might be forced to trust to in a cold Winter's Night, should certain stubborn Folks take it into their Noddles to toss a Man out of his *Cloak*. 'Tis true there was no likelihood the Thing would happen; but as it has been seen that some honest Men had been served scurvy Tricks, strip'd of the *Cloak*, and sent a wandering into the cold, it was enough to give the *Panick*, and consequently to gain the *Breeches* the Preference of the *Cloak*. You will readily concur with me as to the Family Partiality in favour of the old *Breeches*, if you recollect the immense Treasure laid out upon it since 1715, in foreign *Troops*, *Subsidies* to indigent; but neighbouring Princes, and secret *Pensions* and publick *Journeys*. Add to these Articles, the Millions of white and yellow

Medals

Medals sent to line the *Pockets* of this same Favourite *Breeches*, and you won't wonder that the poor *Cloak* is fit for little else than to be hung out at the End of *Monmouth-Street*.

Having thus acquitted myself, I hope to your Satisfaction, of the first Part of my Promise, I now come to the second, which regarded our great Deference to *France* since the Death of *Queen Anne*. *France* is within Call of us, tho' there be a Bridge wanting to facilitate her visits : But what Nature denies, is often supplied by Art and Power. Now, to give the dancing *French Nation* their Due, they want neither, so that, should the Magot bite, 'tis ten to one but they would lay a wooden Bridge, in spite of all our floating Castles, which would answer their vile Purposes. This same Facility of making unwelcome Visits, threw some *Folks* into a devilish Twigue: the Dread hung heavy upon them, nor was it possible to bring them to any sort of Composure of Mind, till a certain *High-German Doctor*, called *B—h—r*, (stiled a *Count* by his Countrymen, amongst whom, even *Princes* are as plenty as Cucumbers in a hot Summer) found out the following Nostrum. " Let us, said he, " treat *France* as some *Indians* do the *Devil* ; let us bow to her, " offer Incense to her, and adore her, as they do the black Gentle- " man, for Fear of the Mischiefs she can do. There is a certain " brisk young Fellow beyond Hills higher than the Clouds, whom " she often takes lovingly by the Hand, as if she design'd to serve " him. Now, continued the Quack, I will pawn my Joulter- " head, and my black Perriwig to boot, that she never more will " smile upon him, if we *new Comers* sacrifice to her : For, added " he, what could she expect more from him, or the supplest Crea- " tures alive, than passive Obedience and *Non-resistance* ? By this " Implicitness to her high Pleasures, we shall not only preserve and " and enlarge the Family *Breeches*, but keep the *Cloak* too in spite " of all the Powers of the Earth : Nay, we shall keep it in spite " of all the stubborn, sickle *Vermin* that creep upon it ; and these " Insects we shall load and chain till they burst with Anguish and " Despair." *Probatum est*. The Quack was heard, his Advice taken, and followed ever since. There are some *Maxims* that descend from *Father* to *Son*, like Honours or Mansion-houses : I wish that this *Adoration* to the *French D—l* may not be one.

'Tis true, indeed, this dark Deity has not of late been so civil as it may have been expected by his *Adorer* : For we see, that so soon as he dispatch'd one of the *Spirits* towards the Waistband of the *Breeches*, how his Votaries doubled their Adoration ! It was then, my dear D—l ! my beloved D—l ! he was sweeten'd and soften'd by a gilded Pill, called *N—l—y* ; but, gad, the D—l, sensible of the Panick some Folks were in for the *Breeches*, insisted that one of his Family might have free Egress and Regress with his Legions to old *Latium*, without Let or Molestation from
the

the burthened *Vermin* that crept upon the *Cloak*, or spread themselves upon the Waters of the Deep. No sooner was this Injunction also comply'd with, but *Nick* bellow'd out a third, *sine qua non*, the *Breeches* was to be torn to Tatters: And that was, that the Hands of one of the poor *Vermin* of the *Cloak*, called *V—n* in the Language of a certain head strong Generation, should be ty'd behind his Back for fear of hitting a damn'd Knock of his Fist in the Chopps of a younger Brother of *Monseigneur le Diable*, who stands with one of his spindle Shanks in *Europe*, and the other in *America*, when that same *V—n*, who hates *Monseigneur D—l* and all his Family mortally, would have tickled his Toby for him, if he had not been hand-cuffed from home.

Earn. Mr. *Jest*, you have given a Laconick, but a rational, and, I very much fear, a true Account of the Motives that might have induced our Court, ever since the Death of *Queen Anne*, to be cool upon the House of *Austria*, and uncommonly *complaisant* to that of *Bourbon*.

Jest. Lord, Lord! how some Folks love minc'd Pye. You can't, for your Life, call a Surreverence a T—d, nor a bad Man a Villain. There is no bearing your chopping and mincing—Cool upon the House of *Austria*, and *complaisant* to that of *Bourbon*! What, could a *Placeman* or *Pensioner* speak in smother Strains? 'Sdeath! was it being cool, only to have made a Treaty at *H—r* with *France*, by which the *Emperor* was to have been stripp'd, if he had not come into all the compulsive Measures of the *Allies* of *H—r*? Did not the Consequences resulting from that Treaty dissolve the Harmony and Alliance between the *Emperor* and *Philip V.* which it was so much the Interest of *Britain* to see continued for ever? Can any Man call the Introduction of *Don Carlos* into *Italy* a *Coolness* only to the *Emperor*? Do you call it *Coolness* only in *One* whose Interest it is to be your fast Friend, to stand with his Arms across, whilst your common Enemy breaks your Pate and runs away with the best of your Apparel? The Application is obvious. Did we not tamely see the House of *Bourbon* annex *Lorraine*, *Naples* and *Sicily* to her vast Possessions, in the late War between her and the *Emperor*? Did we not suffer *France* to manage the late War and Peace between the *Porte* and the *Emperor* in such a partial Manner, as strengthened the first, and quite debilitated the latter? But, oh shameful! what Need of other Proof that we have not only been cool, but p—f—us, to the House of *Austria*, than the present melancholy Situation of the abandoned *Queen of Hungary*? Was she not lulled into a fatal Security by a G—y which was not attempted, and, I fear, never intended to be performed? What have been the Consequences to the House of *Austria* of the vigorous Sp—s from the T—e, and flaming *Addresses* the last Session of the last memorable *Parliament*? How has the Money granted for her Sup-

port

port been laid out? Was it employed in securing the *Breeches* abroad, or a *Majority* at home? By the Way let it be observed, that neither of these *Ends* are like to be answered; such are the just D——s of H——n. Shall it be called by the soft Name of *Coolness* only, to clap up a *Neutrality* that not only permits, but encourages, all the ravenous Wolves of G——y to divide amongst them the hereditary Dominions of *Austria*? What shall we call giving a Vote to the Elector of *Bavaria*?—But, oh Genius of *England*! aid me to find an apt Epithet to express our Conduct in consequence, and since, the aforesaid *Neutrality*. To see the Sovereigns of the Ocean permit *Spain* to lord it on that Element with *Three* Men of War only, and convoy *Fifteen thousand* Men from *Spain* to *Italy*, in order to dispossess the Queen of *Hungary* of her Dominions there; sure, I say, to see this done in the Face of the Sun, speaks not only a *Coolness* towards the House of *Austria*, but Dread, or, rather *Adoration*, of that of *Bourbon*—I shall hereafter observe more minutely on our Conduct in regard to our maritime Affairs. In the mean while, let me ask you seriously, whether it does not appear from our Conduct towards the House of *Austria*, down from the Time of contracting the *quadruple Alliance* to this, that there was a premeditated Design of reducing its *Power*, if not to *destroy* it quite? But whether there was, or was not, such Resolution really taken after the Death of Queen *Anne*, is of little Consequence for you or me to know, or for *Britons* in general; but, sure I am, that our late Conduct towards that once illustrious House, the genuine Bulwark of the *Liberties* of *Europe* since the Peace of *Munster*, has given a deeper Wound to our dear *Britannia* than she has had since the *Norman Conquest*. Adieu to our *Religion* and *Freedom*, when *France* has no Resistance to dread from the Powers on the Continent. Farewel to the poor Remains of our *Trade*, when *France* opens the Ports of *Dunkirk* and the *Scheld* up to *Antwerp*; when she adds the fertile Soil, the Ports, the Rivers, the Canals, the Riches, the *Industry* and the Inhabitants of the *Austrian Netherlands* to her present vast Power and Possessions: And who dare dispute with her the Possession of those fair Provinces, now that the House of *Austria* is no more? Who dare dispute her making the *Rhine* the Barrier of her Empire from *Switzerland* down to the Ocean? Or who shall be able to dispute with her the Empire of the *Ocean*, that Jewel of the *British* Diadem, for Ages past, when she shall have added the maritime Power of *Holland* to that of which she is already possessed? And sure no reasonable Man will dispute that *Holland* must be tributary at least, when *France* shall have perfected her Schemes of Power and universal Sway. When this Day of Horror comes, when the Glass of our *Freedom* is run out, whom shall we call the Authors of our Wo? Shall we have Reason to bless or curse the *Contrivers* of our Bondage, the *Forgers* of our Chains? Shall we have Cause to wish we never had seen the

Ministers, nor their M——, that had been accessory to destroying the *Balance of Power* which kept *France* within Bound; that *Balance of Power* which cost us an Ocean of Blood, and so vast a Treasure, that it would almost cover the Surface of those poor, lousy, scanty, *foreign Possessions*, which drew Persons, that shall be nameless, from the Interest of the drooping *Britannia*? Whom shall we charge with not keeping up the Spirit of the *Revolution*, nor answering the Purposes of it, in supporting the House of *Austria*, maintaining the *Balance of Power*, and keeping *France* so low, as not to be able to insult, intimidate or conquer?—One short Question more, and I am done; for I am almost choak'd with Rage and Despair: Shall we not bless the glorious *Deliverer* for a *Legacy*, which, without all doubt, he left us to perpetuate his Memory, and make us *Amends* for the dutiful and affectionate *Pains* that had been taken by us, during his whole Reign, to make the *Crown* sit *easy* on his Royal Temples?

Earn. You put me in mind of King *Charles II.* who was so naturally fond of Ease and Freedom, and so averse to the Constraint of Pomp and Royalty, that he could scarce hold out with Patience the short Ceremony of a publick Audience. You could not be serious for another Minute, if you were to have got a Title by it.

Jest. No Titles for me, except that of a plain, honest, true-born *Englishman*, that loves *Liberty* and his *Country*, better than *Ribbands*, *Places*, *Pensions*, the Squeeze of *Ministers*, or *Smiles* of *Kings*. But surely you don't think that I intended to be ludicrous by my last *Interrogatory*?

Earn. Can you suppose otherwise, when you mention the *Gratitude* of *K. William* for the *Ease* with which we made the *Crown* sit upon him? Either you forget that chequer'd Reign, or would rally your old Acquaintance. Never was Prince made more uneasy by his Parliaments; never was a General later, or worse supplied in War; or a King less courted or caressed in Peace. Compare that *Reign* and the *present* and *last*, and you will soon perceive the Difference. In that the *Supplies* were always scanty and tardy; in *these* they were early and abundant. In *that* a strict Account was asked and had of the *Ministry*, how the national Treasure was employed; in *these* the Account was annually asked, but as constantly refused by a ministerial M—j—y. In *that* during a Peace even *Guards* were scarce allowed; in *these* great and dreadful *Armies* are kept on foot, either for the Pleasure of *Reviews* and Encampments, or for *Purposes* you may guess at. In *that* *Reign* a *Minister* dare not advise, much less conclude, a Treaty or *Convention*, against the Grain and Interest of the whole People; in *these* we have seen the *Treaties* of *H—r* and *S—e*, and the memorable *C—*.

Jest. Not so fast, old Positive; you forget the *Partition*.

Earn. But I remember that the Authors, or supposed Authors, were

were called to a severe Account, and voted Enemies to their Country: And I likewise remember, that the *Projector* of those obnoxious *Treaties* and *Conventions* in the late *Reigns* was applauded and caressed; and that the *Treaties* themselves had the Sanction of a virtuous uncorrupt *Majority*. I admit that the *Partition-treaty* was productive of much Evil; that the bloody and expensive War in *Q. Anne's* Days was owing to it, and that—

Jest. The duce; you would not lengthen out your Enumeration of *Evils* to the End of the *Revelations*? Before you proceed, pray explain how this same memorable *Partition* came to be the Mother of all *Evil*.

Earn. Thus: K. *Charles II.* of *Spain* was in a languishing State of Health; and, having no Issue, designed to leave the *Spanish* Monarchy entire to the younger Branch of his House, that is, to the Emperor *Leopold*, and his Sons the late Emperors *Joseph* and *Charles*. *Louis XIV.* who had renounced, as well as his Queen, all Claim to the *Spanish* Monarchy, saw there was no Way of altering *Charles* his Brother-in-law's Intentions in favour of *Leopold*, but by alarming his Jealousy: He herefore projected a Treaty of *Partition* of the *Spanish* Monarchy between the Houses of *Austria*, *Bavaria* and *Savoy*; into which he artfully drew K. *William*, by secret Practices, as it was thought, on his Favourite the E— of P—d. This Address of bringing *England*, *Holland*, and most of the great Powers of *Europe*, into a Treaty for dividing *Charles's* Dominions after his Death, had all the Effect which *Louis* had in View: For no sooner was the Treaty signed, but it was secretly laid before *Charles*, who was so enraged at the Insult offered to him, by *England* in particular, on whom he depended most to guaranty his Succession entire to *Leopold*, that he immediately altered his Will in favour of *Philip*, the present King of *Spain*. By this means *France* got peaceable Possession of the *Spanish* Monarchy on the Death of *Charles*; which *Leopold* would have had, if the Insult offered to the dying Prince, by partitioning his Possessions without his Consent, had not provoked him to change the Disposition he intended.

'Tis hard to guess what should induce K. *William*, who was thought to be as great in the Cabinet as in the Field, to fall into a Snare which could scarce fail being observed by the most moderate Understanding.

Jest. I see no Difficulty at all in solving the Matter. You shall see me untie the *Knot*, without having Recourse either to *Alexander's* broad Sword, or the grand *Conjuror* in D—g Street.—As the Passion of certain *Folk*, for the Family *Doublet*, has brought most of our present *Evils* upon us, so did the Love of a Pair of *Dutch Trowsers* produce the memorable *Partition* Treaty. Should *Leopold*, being Emperor, add the whole *Spanish* Monarchy to his hereditary Dominions, it may have been dreaded, that he, or some of his

Successors, would become as formidable as *Charles V.* and then, Stand clear, Mynheers *Hogan Mogan*, who not only threw off the Yoke of *Spain*, but even encroached on the *Spanish Netherlands* during the Inability of *Spain*. Now, tho' the great Power, which the *Spanish* Monarchy would add to the remaining Branch of the House of *Austria*, would be of Advantage to *England*, as it would secure her and the *Liberties* of *Europe* against the Power and Artifice of *France*; yet might *Holland* be jealous of such Power in a Family that had just Demands upon her. The *Dutch*, both *High* and *Low*, have very significant Words in their Language, to express native Soil; they call it *Motherland*: And I make no doubt, that the *Partition* was as much owing to this same dear *Motherland* as the late *Neutrality*, and that long Bead-roll of *Treaties*, provisional *Treaties*, *Preliminaries*, *Conventions*, foreign *Subsidies*, foreign *Troops*, and all the *Et Cæteras* which have laid dejected *Britannia* as low as she is at present.—Dear Mr. *Earnest*, when shall we blind infatuated *Englishmen* love *Motherland* as much as the *Dutch* and *Germans*? When shall we consult our real Interest? When shall we tread back the unsafe expensive *Path* which led us into all the *Difficulties*, all the *Hardships*, all the *Calamities* which stare us full in the Face?—My worthy Friend, take the Pains to paint the present distracted State of our Affairs: Few Men see them so distinctly, or deplore them so much; and 'tis some Alleviation in Pain to know one's Distemper. I feel all the Anguish that should affect an *Englishman*, tho' I know not so minutely the Cause of it.

Earn. Infandum! AMICE, jubes renovare dolorem.

Jest. Thank you for your Compliment. I take the Substitution of *Amice* for *Regina*, to be designed as one, however the Variation may bear the Test of the Book-worms, and particularly of that learned Critick, and truly *Orthodox* Compiler of *T——'s* Life, who has found out, in his Excursion to see if modern *Rome* be not more *Pagan* than the ancient, an apt Likeness between the *Consul* who saved his Country in a dangerous Conspiracy, and *One* who has brought this his *Motherland* into Scorn and Contempt with all the Nations of the Earth.

Earn. What may not a Man of Learning do?

Jest. Rather, what may not a bold F—t—r attempt, who would quite unchurch the Church of *Rome*, that he may the easier introduce D——m on the Ruins of all revealed Religion, and particularly the C——h of E——d, the Glory of these Islands, and Admiration of the Continent, who denies not to have received her *Ordination* and some other *Essentials* from that of *Rome*? But such is the Man, who is the Creature, the *Pensioner*, and the G——r Trumpeter of the M——r, whose Province it is, under the august *Head* of the *Church*, to cherish and maintain the Purity of her Doctrine.

Earn. The *Patron* we will leave to the Conviction of his own up-right

right Heart; or, if that won't do, to the Justice of the Nation: The Client, to the Correction of his *Diocesan*; or, if he have not the Power nor the *Will* to chastise, e'en let him be turned over to the *Convocation*.

Jest. *Ad Græcas Calendas.* If spiritual *Delinquents* be not called to account till the *Convocation* be permitted to meet, they may reckon upon being as safe as the governing *Bashaws* of our Colonies, the late *Directors* of the *Charitable Corporation*, the late *Commissioners* for licensing *Hawkers* and *Pedlars*, or a late *Teller* of the *Exchequer*.—But pray, Mr. *Earnest*, has the *Convocation* been muzzled almost ever since the *Accession*, to prevent or——*Infidelity* and *Immorality*? or as a Compliment or——to the established nursing C——h?

Earn. The known *Zeal* and *Piety* of the Royal H——d of our poor Church, don't permit us to doubt of his paternal Intentions.

Jest. Ay, ay, that is true; *Love* and *Intention* are synonymous Terms for one and the same Thing.—Well; the *Church* is, to be sure, very happy in having so *intelligent* and *tender* a H——d; and, *é contra*, the H——d very happy in having so *passive* a C——h to govern.—Well, well; having dispatched this same *Convocation*, which struck so much Terror into the sound *Hearts* of certain P——es and inferior Pastors, let us proceed to our *Grievances*, and first let us examine the State of our *Liberty*. Mr. *Earnest*, make not those wry Faces, as if you did not approve of the Discussion, or were afraid of entering upon it: Tell me not of your *renovare* nor *insandum*; I won't be said Nay: *Liberty* is the Birth-right of a *Briton*; I was born with it.—Another Shrug, as if you doubted I was born free.—Prithee, old Mumps, do'ft think I am a Chick of Yesterday? I tell you, I was born long before the *Accession*, or the *Revolution* either: *Englishmen* were *free* before either the present or last Century; and, I hope, will be so, when all those that have made dangerous Attempts upon our *Freedom* shall be no more.

Earn. You are very sanguine, Mr. *Jest*; but you jocular Gentlemen are generally as brim-full of *Hopes* as Spirits: Now for my Part, I can't wind up my Fancy with Chimeras. What *Hopes* can a rational *Briton* conceive of future *Freedom*, when his Country shall have lost her *Trade*, consequently her *Power* and *Influence*? What *Hopes* can be form of *Liberty*, when *France* shall make and unmake *Kings* and *Emperors* at her Pleasure; shall partition out the whole Continent as the pleases; and shall render all *Europe* her Tributaries or *Slaves*? Shall we vainly hope to retrieve our Affairs, to flourish, to rise by the same *Conduct*, under the same *Directions* which brought us so low and despicable as we now are? I would not willingly despond, but without a Miracle —

Jest. A steady, virtuous *Representative* you mean, such a one as I hope we are blessed with at present.

Earn. My Friend, you forget that our *Legislature* is *Tripartite*.

Jest.

Jest. But I remember who has, or ought to have, Custody of the *Purse*; and I always saw that the grey Mare was the better Horse, whilst she had the Command of the *Pence*.

Earn. But supposing the Keepers of the *Purse* should be able to induce their Associates in Power, to concur in an Alteration of Measures, what can their joint Effects do towards retrieving past Misconduct? What can we do without *Allies*, without *Reputation*, or without Power? What can we do whilst we groan under the Weight of insupportable *Taxes*, Decay of *Trade*, and a national Debt of almost *fifty Millions*, which not only sinks our *Industry*, but gives, I might say, an incurable Wound to our *Freedom*?

Jest. Why, faith, old Friend, that is right; for I remember to have plunged myself wantonly, in my unthinking Days, into a pretty large *Debt*, which I contracted to carry on a Chancery-suit against my elder Brother's Son; and, gad, I smart for it to this very Hour; so that a Man who is daily in Dread of a Clap on the Shoulder by a rascally *Bum*, cannot be said to be in a State of perfect *Freedom*.

Earn. Perfect *Freedom*, did you say, my Friend? alas! how can People form so much as an Idea of it, who are plunged into so large a *Debt*, as puts them irrevocably into the Power of every *Minister* at the Head of the T—y? Judge of the additional Power which a *Minister* or C—t acquires by awing, nay, by commanding, the three great *Companies*, the principal Creditors of the Publick: Judge again how his Power is increased by the Multiplication of Places in his Gift; and what an *Influence* he must acquire in all Elections, special Juries, and on various other Occasions, by the *Swarms* employed in the Collection of the *Taxes* for paying the annual Interest of the mighty *Debt*. The *Civil Legions* are as absolutely at the Beck of a T—r, as the *Military* are at the Devotion of his Master.

Jest. Dreadful Apprehensions! but, Mr. *Earnest*, you mentioned the Words *irrevocably in the Power of a Minister, or C—t*. I hope you did not mean, that it was intended our *national Debt* should never be paid off? 'Tis true, I have heard it whisper'd, that it was one of the Quack B—b—r's Advices or *Maxims*, never to pay off the *publick Debts*; alledging as a Reason, that they were the only *Pledges* his M—r's Family could have for our Loyalty and Fidelity. The same Language I remember to have heard in the Days of Mause M—ue, when he and others first projected *Anticipations* after the *Revolution*.

Earn. Tho' I can't answer for the Truth of what you may have heard concerning *Advice* or *Maxims*, either by B—b—r since the *Accession*, or M—ue after the R—n, I will venture to assert, That our *whole Debt* might have been paid off by this time, if *Ministers* and P—ts had had the *publick Good* more at Heart than the *Gratification* of —

Jest.

Jest. I fancy you may go safely a greater Length, and say, That had *Ministers* and *P—ts* done their Duty to their *Motherland*, there never had been *Anticipations*; and consequently no Debt at all. Oh! how this poor *Motherland* of ours has been juggled, cuzzened, and bed—d, by Natives and —, since you and I have seen the present mourning *Britannia* gay and chearful as the God of Day! —Well, if I could be sure that our *Debts* were purposely continued to secure our *Loyalty*, I would wish the *R—* and *A—* too, to the —. 'Sdeath! Mr. *Earnest*, is an *Intail of Debts* an adequate Recompence for all the *Blood* and *Treasure* spent by *Britannia's* deluded Sons? Is all *Gratitude* fled with *Liberty*? or are People to be made *Beasts of Burthen* and *Slaves*, for having been more *willing* and *dutiful* than any other in the *World*? —

Earn. My Friend, you have work'd yourself into an honest Passion.

Jest. I have so; and, gad, if my Indignation hold much longer, I will be a *Hottentot*, before I own myself a blind *Englishman*: I will not only quit the Name, but dear *England* too: For if I must be a S—, let it be any where rather than in the Spot where I so long have breathed the pure Air of *Freedom* —Well, our *Debts* affect our *Liberty*; granted; next, I suppose you will say, and with the same Reason, that an exorbitant Load of *Taxes* are inconsistent with *Liberty*.

Earn. By your own Rule, that the Husband transfers the *Breeches* to his Rib, when he intrufts her with laying out his Money.

Jest. Ah! that lousy *Breeches*, which has caused all our present Grief! — but I beg your Pardon for interrupting you; our *Taxes* then affect our *Freedom*.

Earn. Undoubtedly, can a Nation be said to be *free* that are, and have been *taxed* for half a Century beyond their Strength; beyond their most slavish Neighbours; nay, beyond any People we either know or read of? From the *Restoration* down to the *Revolution*, the Amount of all our *Taxes* seldom exceeded *Twelve hundred thousand Pounds*, and never above *Eighteen hundred thousand*; but since they have seldom been so low as *five Millions*, and often *seven* and *eight Millions* annually. This Load, this insupportable Load, we have been saddled with, not only during our Wars, but whilst we were in *Peace* with all the *World*: And as an Addition to our Misery, we have never been so little able to support it, our *Industry* fading, and our *Trade* decaying gradually ever since the *R—n*.

Jest. Yes, our *M—y* were at *Peace* with all the *World*, except their own deluded fellow *Subjects*, upon whom they have made a constant cruel War. Like fierce Enemies, they have annually ravag'd the Land, and rais'd more exorbitant *Contributions* than the most savage Foe. You will say, that they had the Sanction of our own *Consent* for their *Devastations*. Here lies the Fallacy; here the big Iniquity: *Sejanus* might have pleaded the Sanction of the *Roman*

Roman Senate, the Roman Sh—w rather, for all his Extortions, and all the other dangerous Evils of his *Administration*. Mr. *Earnest*, it seems to me evident, that as our *Debts* are continued to secure our *Obedience*, so are our *Taxes* to force us to that *Obedience* by an Inability of shaking off the Ch—s which tie up our Hands. Harrafs the highest mettled Steed by continual Labour, keep him to hard Meat, he will become a Skeleton, low spirited, and a Jade. In like manner, tax and burthen the most intrepid People on the Earth, reduce them to *Poverty* and *Want*, you shall bring down their high Stomachs, you shall break their high *Spirits*, you shall make them Slaves; nay, you shall so inure them to the Lash, that they shall forget they were ever *free*.—Oh, my Friend! how has our dear *Motherland*, this fairest *Cloak* of all the World, been rent and tatter'd, sheer'd and snip'd, to enlarge, secure, and embellish a d—d *Breeches* we have nothing to say to; nay, a rotten *Breeches*, which, by a fundamental *Contract*, we were never to have lac'd or embroider'd, nor so much as darn'd or patch'd!

Earn. You talk of fundamental *Contracts*. Alas! what are *Contracts* to the Mighty and Wi—d? How many have we seen so perforated as to resemble *Sieves*, more than *sacred Contracts*? Even *Magna Charta*——

Jest. Has had a whole *Army* march'd thro' it. *Fifty thousand arm'd Men* kept up for Shew, or for a worse *Purpose*, are not very consistent with the Spirit, nor Letter of that sacred Charter of our *Freedom*, the Glory of our Ancestors, and our Security against the *Rapaciousness* of M—rs, and *Ambition* of K—s: *Magna Charta* is little better regarded by some *Folks* than by C—l, who, you may remember, changed the *Charta*, by way of Derision into *F—a*. But he avow'd his *Ambition*, he openly declared himself an Enemy to the *Constitution*, and so far he was a generous Enemy: But for any Men to assume the Air of *Justice*, to put on the fair Robe of *Friendship*, and sap, and mine, and wound, that which they pretend to *revere*, is rank Hypocrisy, is Villany: They are the more w—d, as the *Secret* is more dangerous, and harder to be guarded against, than the open *Enemy*—Mr. *Earnest*, I am told strange Things of our *Magna Charta*; for, it seems, there have been more than one, which, a Counsellor of my Acquaintance tells me, have never been repeal'd; and, I hope, never will.

Earn. Your Information was true: There were several great *Charters* for securing our *Liberties*, which are still in Force, as having been confirmed by that *Magna Charta*, which is reported in our Statute-books.

Jest. Ay; but the Counsellor assures me, That, by one of these, which he says he has seen in the *Cotton Library*, before the last unhappy Fire, the People have a Right to appoint a Council of about twenty five of the *Barons*, or principal Subjects; who, by that sacred

red Law, shall have full power to punish M——rs, and effectually redress all *Grievances*. We have no Cause, 'tis true, for such a Council at present, because we have a P——t, who, without doubt, will take our Calamities into serious Consideration: But it must give infinite pleasure to every Man, tenacious of *Liberty*, to know that the fundamental Laws of his Country, support all dutiful Demands for the Redress of *Grievances*.

Earn. Our *Constitution* is certainly founded on Principles of *Resistance*; and I remember none of the old *Charters* for securing our *Freedom*, that have been actually repeal'd. On the contrary, all those Laws for *restraining* the Subjects, which were pass'd in Compliment to *Charles II.* at the *Restoration*, are either actually or virtually repealed by the *Bill of Rights* and other *Acts*, at and since the *Revolution*. But what of this String of *Laws* in favour of *Liberty*; what of all this Out-side, this Pomp and Shew of *Freedom*, when there is a late *Law* that ties up the Hands of the whole People more effectually than the actual Repeal of all our *Charters* could have done?

Jest. You mean the *Riot-act*; that comfortable Dose; that Cordial, which we owe to the —— as we do our *Debts*, *Taxes*, loss of *Trade*, loss of *Influence*, and all the d——d *All's* that now cover poor *Britannia* with the Robe of Grief and *Mourning*? Still may that lousy *Breeches* be for ever c——d!

Earn. Rather, may *those* who have been corrupted and blinded to the undoing of dear *Motherland*, be c——d for projecting first, and co-operating afterwards with —— and ——!

Jest. Lean Comfort, my dear Friend, are C——s upon those who have tied up our Hands, and virtually broke thro' all the *Charters* of old *English* constitutional *Freedom*.

Earn. Had there been such an Act as the *Riot* at the Time that *Resistance* became absolutely necessary in the last Age, where would have been the *Revolution*? where would have been *Liberty*? where our Church and the *Reformation*? I am not afraid to say, that the *Riot-law* is inconsistent with the Spirit of the *Revolution*; and if I should say, that it carries with it bigger Mischief than all that enormous Weight of *Oppressions*, complain'd of, either now, or heretofore, I don't think I should be mistaken. By this Law any Number of Men, exceeding twelve, shall be guilty of *Felony*, if they don't disperse after reading the Proclamation. I would ask the pretended Friends of *Liberty* and the *Revolution*, what Chance could our glorious Ancestors have had of handing down *Freedom* to us, if there had been such a Law in *James II.*'s Days? Tumult and Rebellion I would have restrain'd; but to make it *Felony* to meet in order to concert Measures for Redress of *Freedom*, is, not to say more, inconsistent with the Liberties of a *free People*. I remember it was urged by the Projectors of this harsh Law, that it was of absolute

Necessity. There was, indeed, some Colour for it in the Year 1715; but why was it not made temporary? Was it *absolutely* necessary to make it perpetual?

Jest. Yes, my Friend; it was absolutely necessary for those that intended to enslave a *free People*. You will say, there may have been a Colour also, for continuing the *Parliament* in the Ferment which the Rebellion in 1715 occasioned; but was there any Necessity for making the *septennial* Law perpetual? C——ts, for the most part, are like the Church; they willingly *receive* all, but never, or seldom, *restore*.

Earn. And yet it would seem by our *Profuseness* since the *Accession*, that we had a quite other Opinion of C——ts and K——s than the Experience of all Ages and Nations should have taught us. Fatal Profusion!

Jest. More fatal *Corruption* in some, and *Credulity* and *Blindness* in others! Now that we have rouz'd the frightful *Lions* of *Penal Laws*, let us hunt them down, by the Breath of our Lungs at least, before we lose them out of Sight.

Earn. They are so many, my Friend, so *multiply'd* since the R——n, and particularly since the A——n, that——

Jest. It would puzzle an *Archimedes* to count them.

Earn. Tho' we began the first Day of the new Year——

Jest. We should get quite thro' it before we could reach to the End of those that relate to *smuggling*, the *Customs* and *Excise* only: They are all *Penal Laws*, and of the harsher Nature; and, which is worse, design'd more, I am afraid, to *curb* and restrain the *Subject*, than to prevent the illicit Practices of unfair Dealers.

Earn. I don't pretend to dive into the Intention; but certainly whilst most of our *Penal Laws* are in Force, we can neither say, nor think, that we are a *free People*; it being a Truth as clear as the Sun, that we neither are, nor can be *free*, whilst there are so many legal *Manacles* in the Hands of our Enemies.

Jest. *Enemies*, Mr. Earnest?

Earn. Yes, and the most dangerous of *Enemies*, when solely *commanded* by, and implicitly *obeying* a single M——r, who has acted so audaciously and corruptly throughout a very long Administration, that he can have no Hopes of avoiding the *Justice* of his Country, but by undermining her *Constitution*, and trampling over her *Freedom*. Are not these his *Legions* spread throughout the Land, as so many *Spies* on the Actions and Words of his injured Fellow-subjects? Are they not as so many *Centinels* posted by a *Man*, whom the whole People suspect, upon too certain Grounds, to have projected the impoverishing, enslaving *Schemes* which appear but too evidently to have been *adopted* since the A——? Is not this ministerial *Army* impowered to enter any Man's House, the greatest Peer's not excepted, at any Hour, and upon every frivolous Pre-
tence,

tence, or none at all? Who is, or can be safe, either in his *Person* or *Property*, when the most profligate of the People, often the Scum of the Nation, may first *convey* prohibited Goods into some obscure part of a Man's House, and afterwards *inform* and prosecute? And that this may, and without doubt is, and has been practised, no Man can doubt, who considers that these M——l *Miscreants* may legally intrude themselves where-ever and whenever they shall think proper. How has the Dread of these *Harpies* influenced Elections of P——t? What Man of middling Circumstances, how honest soever, dare venture to disobey the Injunctions of a *Custom* or *Excise* Officer, who has all the Power and Countenance of a T——ry to support him in all his Exactions, Informations and Prosecutions? The Power and Influence of a *Minister* and C——t are so great, so enormous, as the *Penal Laws* now stand, that I confess myself amazed at the present glorious *Stand* made against the *Mighty* and W——d.

Jest, I admit the *Stand* to be glorious; but should it produce no more than a Change of *Hands* in the Ad——n; should it produce no Change of *Measures*; should it not produce a Repeal of all those *Laws* that now put the whole People into the Power of the C——; should it produce nothing more than the Removal of *one* or a few obnoxious *Men*, or even the Punishment of them; should it not, in short, as you have said on another Occasion, produce such a constitutional Power as may go to the *Root* of all our *Evils*, adieu to Happiness, to L——y, or even to the *Hopes* of transmitting to Posterity, those Blessings handed down to us by our glorious Ancestors. Who, that feels Compassion, or has any Sense of *Freedom* or Danger, that does not shrink when he considers the vast Powers of the C——, and the Inability in every Shape, of those for whose Happiness alone Government was first instituted? Who can reflect without Indignation on a late Attempt for laying the Ax to the Root of *Liberty*; or without raising his Heart to the great Author of *Freedom*, for having inspired, on that Occasion, such a general Spirit as intimidated, even the *Frontless* and *Shameless*? But alas! my Friend, should not the present glorious *Band* be able to wade thro' the vast Difficulties in their way; Difficulties as Matters are circumstanced, as Power is ripened, almost insurmountable; should they not be able to clear away all the *Filth* which pollutes the Stream of our *Liberties*, how soon may another such *Attempt*, or worse, be made? how soon may an *Ax*, already whetted by *Penal Laws*, already almost at the Root of *Freedom*, be drove quite through it, so as never more to emit Shoots or Branches? The late *Smuggling-act* alone, if there were none of those Dozens of other *legal Chains*, that tie us up Neck and Heels, is such a Weapon as may cut away, not only the *Freedom*, but *Life*, of any Man in the Nation.

Earn. By that unprecedented Law, every Man; I say every Man; because no Man is exempted but those whom we have good Reason to look upon as our mortal *Foes*, the Swarms under the absolute Direction of the T——ry; I say then, that by that Act, every Man who travels armed between Sun-set and Sun-rise within a few Miles of the Sea-coast, may be seiz'd, imprison'd, condemn'd, and executed, or transported, at the Pleasure of a C——t and *special Jury*.

Jest. Oh! that same Monster, *special Jury*, is a precious Jewel in the Hands of a Ministry and C——t.

Earn. A Monster, indeed! and yet hatch'd under the Wings of one, or perhaps the only good Law of the kind that has been known of late.

Jest. You mean that for balloting for Jurymen?

Earn. I do; and from this Instance alone, a Man may guess at the State of our *Freedom*. In Matters of Property, litigated between Man and Man, a Jury shall be balloted for; but in Matters of infinitely higher Consequence to the *Freedom* of the Subject, that is, where his *Liberty* and *Life* are at Stake, the Jury shall be at the Choice of those whose *Inclination* and *Interest* it may be that he forfeits both: And this is that sort of Jury which is called *Special*.

Jest. 'Specially subversive of all natural R——t. This same precious *Specialty*, hatch'd under the vivifying Wing of an Act so speciously good, puts me in mind of an *Exception* or *Construction* (productive of Hardship, and answering the End of Power as well as the former) to one other of our specious good Acts, which, tho' not of a general Concern, is not much less injurious, in and within ten Miles round this great Metropolis. By the Act for preventing *frivolous and vexatious Suits*, no Person shall be held to Bail, on an Action brought in any of the Courts at *Westminster*, for any Sum under *ten Pounds*; but by the Doctrine of *Specialty*, any Person may be held to *Bail*, worry'd, flung into *Goal*, and destroy'd, by owing so small a Sum as *forty Shillings*, provided the Writ be issued by that courtly Court called the *Marshal's*. By this *special* Exception, or *Construction*, the loyal Inhabitants within ten Miles of his Majesty's Palace, may, and actually are, daily flung to Death by the *Asps* of the Law; whereas, the rest of his good Subjects are only to be torn to pieces by the *Wolves* of the Profession. To be sure, *Liberty* must be as sleek as a Race-horse, and as florid in the Face as a *Livery-wearing*, dignify'd *Levite*, in a Country where all such *Exceptions*, *Constructions* and *Specialties* are countenanced and admitted!

Earn. O that we had only *Exceptions* and *Constructions* to complain of; tho' even these, were they of less Consequence, less injurious to *Liberty* than those we have cited, might, in Time, take *Root* and spread into down-right T——y. Few or no Nations have
lost

lost their *Freedom* at once; the Work has been generally slow and gradual: But sure, the enslaving Work is to be done by such Degrees as creep insensibly upon a People; such Degrees, however, as make *Slavery* habitual, and consequently much more difficult to be withstood or prevented, than if pushed home with Violence or Precipitation. The first Step towards the Loss of the *Freedom* of the ancient free Romans, was under Colour of *restraining Licentiousness*, and restoring *Virtue*. Specious Pretexes!

Jest. Such, you may remember, as were made use of lately for licensing *Dramatic Writings*; such as were made use of also for *excising Wine* and *Tobacco*. Those Commodities were to be *excised*, to prevent Men from fraudulently invading the Property of the *Crown*; which, to be sure, was a huge monstrous *Sin*: And *Wit* is now *excised*, to prevent exposing the *Weakness* or *Corruption* of some great *Leviathan* in Post and Power; one of those deep-dy'd *Sins*, which the *Ultra Mountane Divines*, and Court *Levites* here at home, call *Sins* against the H—y Gh—t.

Earn. Happy for these ill-fated Nations that *Minorities* are, or are soon like to become, *Majorities*. This glorious Prospect prevents the *Excise* on *Dramatic Wit* to be extended to *Wit* in general; 'Tis scarce to be doubted, that there was a premeditated Design of *restraining* the Liberty of the *Press*, when this Law passed; nor had the Design dropp'd, if the *War* had not given such a Turn to Affairs as obliged certain Men to turn their Thoughts to their own *Safety*, preferable to all other Considerations. But the *Press* was never intended to be restrained but in *Politics*, and in exposing the Designs of w—d *Ministers*; not in *restraining Atheism* and *Deism*, which are suffered, nay countenanced, to bear down all Religion and *Virtue* before them.

Jest. Religion and *Virtue*! Ha! ha! pretty Baubles to sport with, in a Country wherein *Liberty* has been on the Wean, and *Corruption* the only *Deity* revered, for the best Part of half a Century! Pri-thee, old Musty, let those good old venerable *Things* rest in Peace with the Ashes of our Patriot Ancestors. Do'st thou not remember what the old *Biographers* say of the *Religion* and *Virtue* of *Rome*, so soon as the *Cæsars* set their cloven Feet on the Neck of *Liberty*? Has it ever been known, that a People, *indifferent* about their *Liberties*, have been either *religious* or *virtuous*? Man is a free Agent, and, as such, *Liberty* is necessarily blended with his Nature: *Liberty* therefore may be properly called the *primary* Object of Man. This *Postulatum* being granted, it follows, that he who contentedly parts with his *Freedom*, will never trouble his Noddle about *secondary* Considerations.

Earn. I perceive, my merry Friend, that the Rust of Time has not quite wore off the Edge of your Memory; you have not forgot your *Logick*.

Jest.

Jest. A Fiddle for your *Logick* and *Sophistry*!—*Truth* is *Truth*, was, and will be ever so, without the Quirks and Quibbles of Schoolmen. *Liberty* is the first and choicest Gift of Heaven; 'tis the *Birthright* of Man, and particularly of *Britons*. It was thought so, revered and preserved, before the first impious *Invader* of it, *Cæsar*, set his Foot upon our Land. Old *Gef* of *Monmouth* records the Answer of one of our glorious Ancestors to *Julius*, which proves what our Fathers thought of *Liberty*. “Tell your *Roman* Chief,” said *Cassibellan*, General of the *British* Army, that the *Britons* “had ever been accustomed to *Liberty*, which, if the *Gods* themselves should endeavour to take it from them, they would resist to the utmost of their Power.” Tell me then, Mr. *Earneſt*, if all *Restraints*, that are not absolutely necessary for promoting the Happiness of the *Community*, be not inconsistent with that *Liberty* which our Ancestors, both *Pagan*, and *Papish*, and *Protestant*, have transmitted to us? And tell me next, for I would willingly be informed, whether the *Riot-act*, the *Licensing-act*, the late *Smuggling-act*, a thousand *Chain-imposing* Clauses in the Multitude of *Acts* relating to the *Customs* and *Excise*, the *Special Jury* Clause, the *Suspensions* of the *Habeas Corpus* Law, the *Septennial Law*, and a *standing Army* to enforce the *Execution* of these and many more *Laws* of the same Tendency; tell me, I say, thou dear, but unhappy, Partaker of my Woes, whether a *Misapplication* of the *Wealth* and *naval Force* of the Kingdom, a vast *Increase* of *Civil Officers* and *Salaries*, an Army of *Placemen* and *Pensioners* in *Parliament*, a prodigious Expence in *Subsidies* to impotent useless *foreign Princes*, and in maintaining *foreign Troops*, for the Security of a lousy *Breeches*: Yet, tell me, I say again, if aggrandizing our hereditary and most formidable *Enemy*, and suffering our ancient and most natural *Ally* to be ruined; if sitting down tamely to see the late *Emperor* worried by *France* and her *Allies*; to see *Lorrain* annexed to the *Gallick Crown*—Alas! poor *BRITANNIA*! almost afraid to know thyself—But, your Pardon, my Friend; the Weight of Sorrow on my Heart carried me from my Purpose—Pray tell me, if the *Enumeration* I have made be just; and, if it be, whether the Conduct of our *Ministers* and P——ts for many Years past, tended to strengthen or weaken the *Basis* of *British Liberty* in particular, and that of *Europe* and *Protestants* in general?

Earn. *Machiavel* lays it down as a *Fundamental* in Politicks, That a *Constitution*, which subsists long, must often recur to its first *Principles*.—

Jest. A Fig for the old *Florentin*! Prithee tell me not of first or last *Principles*; so we but recur to some *Principle* that will enable us to be free and happy, no Matter what it be: If we can't lay our Hands on a *modern Principle* that will answer this glorious Purpose, e'en let us recur to one that shall, tho' it be as wrinkled as old *Par*.

Tell

Tell me of no *Principles* that won't admit of the *Discharge* of the *national Debt*. Let all *Principles* go to the——, that lays it down as a Maxim, to load Mens Backs with *Debts* and *Taxes*, in order to secure their *Fidelity*. Give me a *Principle* that will ease me of *both*, and of *penal Laws*, and of *standing Armies*, and *foreign lousy Breeches*, and of every other damned Clog upon my *Freedom*, and the *Trade* of my dear *Motherland*.—Now, that I have named *Trade*, prithee, old Stiff, let us know how it came, to speak in the Phrase of the old *Riddle* proposed to *Madam Sphinx*, to gallop upon *All-fours* after the *Restoration*, to limp it but upon *two Legs* after the *Revolution*, and scarce to be able to creep upon *one* battered *Hoof* since the *Accession*, tho' we have been, till very lately, in *Peace* with all the *World*; and *Trade*, they say, thrives in *Peace*, as *Melons* do in a warm Season?

Earn. Yes, if *Caterpillars* don't nibble at the *Root* of either. There are *Caterpillars* in the *State*, as well as in *Gardens*; and those in the latter are by far the least noxious.

Jest. For which Reason I hope soon to see them destroyed. We have a Set of honest *Weeders* now in P——t, who seem inclined, and I hope will have the Power, to banish all the *State Vermin* from our *Eden*, that was before poor *Trade* was lamed.

Earn. I have as great Veneration for the glorious struggling *Band* as 'tis possible; and hope I shall have no Reason to alter my Sentiments of their *Virtue*: But should they content themselves with the laying down of *one*, or a *few*, great *Ministers*; should they contend only for a Change of *Hands*, and not persevere till *Measures* shall be changed; should they stop short at the *Threshold*, and not rummage every *Office*, every Creek of the polluted *Fabrick*; should they not turn the clear Stream of *virtuous Scrutiny*, and research into the *Stables* of the *State*, and wash away all the *Ordure* and *Filth* within; should they not clear away *Corruption* where-ever it hath taken *Root*—

Jest. Ay, my Friend; the *Root* of all things should be look'd to: Without going thither, all other Labour is lost; let the *Root* be wholesome, let it be *natural*, and my Life the *Tree* leaves, blossoms, and bears fair *Fruit* as heretofore.

Earn. Should, I say, those that are now become *popular* and *powerful*, by appearing to be, what I hope they are, *true Patriots*, sever or divide out of any *Consideration* whatever, before they shall have redressed *all* our *Grievances*; should they, or any few of them, capitulate for *Honours*, *Titles* or *Posts*, before the great, the glorious Work is quite finished—

Jest. Should any of them turn *State Screens*, as Mr *W*—— did in the Year 1720—

Earn. Should all our *Hopes* vanish into *Smoak* and *ambitious Fume* in the present Year, as it did in that, I shall have done for ever with all
boasting

boasting pretended Patriots. I am an Enemy to all *Imposition*, I hate the playing an *old Game* by *new Hands*.

Jest. Right, old Trusty; it is the *Politics* which ruin, and not the Man. Names are idle Things; they may serve to amuse Children, but Men of Sense will expect more substantial Food. What is it to me, whether a *W—e* or *P—y* make me a *Slave*? A *Chain* is a *Chain*, whether it be put on by a *present C—r*, or by one that takes his *Place* hereafter.

Earn. There is one plain and easy Maxim in Politics, which, being observed, never fails of rewarding the *Minister* with Glory, with Honour and Safety; that is *Honesty*.

Jest. A Phantom—where do you expect to find her?

Earn. Amongst that bright *Band*, who have made us believe, I hope truly, that they have, and will march under her unsullied Banner, till they shall have restored the dejected *Britannia* to her former Power and Glory.

Jest. I shall believe *Honesty* to be as much at their Hearts as *Lips* if I see our *P—ts annual*. I am for none of your *Triennials*; tho' they be better than your *Sept's*, yet am I for the old, very old, *Constitutions*; I am for a Set of *honest Men*, sent up early in the Year, paid by their *Constituents*, and discharged after two or three Months sweating in *St. S—n's Chapel*; upon such, a *C—t* can have no Influence.

Earn. Two or three Months is scarce time enough for adjusting controverted Elections.

Jest. Why are *Elections* controverted, but because some Folks expect to make their Fortunes by *Seats*, that were intended for the publick *Weal* only? Let *P—ts* be *annual*, and, my Life, you have but few controverted Elections; and that you may be sure there will be few, let *Sh—s* be chosen as formerly, by the *Freeholders* of each County, as the *Sh—s* of *Corporations* and County *Coroners* are.

Earn. You don't expect the *glorious Band* will go those Lengths?

Jest. If they would merit the Epithet you give them, I am sure they must go great Lengths.

Earn. You would not have them attempt altering the *Constitution*?

Jest. No; I would have it *restored* only—Let us have no *Penal Laws*, but what are absolutely for the Good of the Community; no *Armies*, but what are employed against our Enemies; no *Fleets*, but for the Security of our Coast, and Protection of our *Trade*; none for *Parade* only, or for convoying the Royal *Striplings* of an ambitious House to *Italy*, or elsewhere; no *Taxes*, but what are purely necessary for defraying the current Expence; and those proportioned with due Regard to the *Industrious* and *Poor*. Let us have as few *Tax-gathering Drones* as possible; as few *Pensioners* and *Sinecures* as before the *Revolution*; and as small a Sum laid out for *secret Services* as before the *Accession*. This last Article has swelled up

up from a *Sprat* to a *Whale* since the Death of *Queen Anne*.

Earn. That good Princess —

Jest. Stood in no need of *artificial Strength* to support her G—t. She *loved* her Subjects, and had grateful Returns of *Love* from them; she was revered and dreaded throughout the Continent, and had no Occasion, either to buy *Alliances*, or purchase *Preliminaries*, *Conventions*, or *Neutralities*; she dreaded no neighbouring Power, but was courted and fawned upon by those that are now most *dreadful*; she had a Heart wholly *English*, had no *Interest* separate from that of her *People*, and her *dear Country*; and had neither *Territory* nor *Concern* foreign to the *true Interest* of her Kingdoms. How should such a *Ruler* want the Aid of *Spies* or *Pensioners*, *foreign* or *domestick*, of *Hush-money* at home and abroad, and of a thousand other *Articles*, which compose the dark Account of *secret Services*? But she is at rest and happy; I wish I had been so before this gloomy Day: For, my Friend, with old *Dan Shakespear*,

*I think our Country sinks beneath the Y—k,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new Day, a Gash
Is added to her Wounds ———*

Earn. In truth, the Prospect is not the most inviting and chearful, that you and I have seen; but, my Friend, we have still a Foundation of Wealth and Power; which, if enlarged —

Jest. If exerted you mean; we want but a proper *Exertion* of our Power. Let but your glorious *Band*, an Epithet I hope and wish they may deserve, and hand down to latest Posterity; let them, I say, but once set their dear Country *right*; let them set her *free*, and humble and punish the national *Foes*, whilst they have the Ascendant, and I will answer for the Return of *Virtue*, of *Justice*, and of *Halcyon Days*; let them keep up the glorious Spirit, which appeared to have animated them hitherto; let not *Discord*, false *Ambition*, nor that cursed of Curses *Self-interest*, disunite them; let them be as one virtuous, irresistible *Phalanx*, that can neither be vanquished by *Force*, nor broke by *Fraud*, or by *fair Promises*; no, not by *Gold* itself; let them, I say, close and double their Ranks, in Proportion to the Efforts, the *Wiles*, *Offers* and *Artifices* of the common Enemy: Thus shall they baffle all the Power and Machinations of the *Foe*, and retrieve, at least have a Chance of retrieving, the *Errors*, either *willing* or *wilful*, of former P—ts and *Ministers*. But should *Diffension*, or *Corruption*, Thirst of *Rule*, of *Titles*, of *Distinctions*, *Ribbons* or *Baubles*; should these, or any other Motive, or should even a *Deference* to any very great and — young Man, induce any of them to *warp* from the glorious Purpose of their *setting out*, farewell—*Freedom*; farewell—my dear Country; Adieu for ever to nominal *Patriotism* and *British Honesty*. — But, no more; I will hope for the best, and suspend my Fears, till that *best* comes, or till I

have Cause for wishing I had never *hoped* — Again, my worthy Friend, I intreat you will bestow a few Moments on the *Trade* of our *Motherland*, already upon Crutches.

Earn. You are too sensible of the great Importance of *Trade*, for me to discant upon the Benefits and Advantages of it to this Nation in particular. 'Tis the Nerve, the Spring of our Wealth and Power; 'tis the Nursery of our *Seamen*, the Bulwarks of our Coast, and Protectors of the very *Trade* to which they owe their Skill and Intrepidity. Our Industry we owe to *Trade*, as well as our Affluence and Luxury. In short, 'tis every thing to us, and without it we should be nothing; 'tis our *Paladium*, and the Moment we lose it, our *Troy*, our dear *Britannia*, will be little better than a poor desolate Isle, unpeopled, uncultivated, a Prey to the first Invader.

Jest. The Advantages of *Trade* being so very obvious, 'tis strange it should be so much neglected as it has of late Years.

Earn. 'Tis not at all strange to me that *Ministers* should neglect what they did not understand; and what, perhaps, they *intended*, or were c——d to neglect, for the same *Purpose* that our *Debts* are unpaid. Most *Ministers* since the *R——n* seemed to have no Regard for *Trade*, but so far as it contributed to fill the *Exchequer*.

Jest. The glorious *English-bearded Elizabeth*, and her *Ministers*, had other Notions of *Trade*.

Earn. They had other Notions of their Country, of poor *Britannia*, than some that shall be nameless. That great *English Queen* cherished and encouraged *Trade*; it took *Root* under her, shot forth in the succeeding Reign, blossom'd in that of *Charles I.* became Fruit during the Usurpation, and ripened to full Maturity, after the happy *Restoration*. I reckon it was at the Height when the fatal Bigotry of *James II.* and the *Perfidy* and *Hypocrisy* of his *Ministers*, made it necessary for the Nation to assert the *Right*, which *Britons* have, and I hope always will have. No wonder that *Trade* should flourish from the *Restoration* to the *Revolution*. It was free, it was unincumbered, it was encouraged; there were no Clogs upon Industry; the *Revenue* of the Crown was small; there was no *national Debt*; there was no *Army*; there was no *secret Service Money*; there were no *et Ceteras* which have grown upon us since; consequently, there were but few *Taxes* that affected *Trade*. Thus were we enabled to outdo all *Europe* in *Trade*; and thus had we the supplying, and particularly the clothing, all the habitable World—But our Expence in consequence of the *Revolution*, brought on *Taxes* and *Clogs*; and our *Wars*, on the same Account, necessarily brought on a Stagnation. *France*, during these *Wars*, was forced upon a *Woollen Manufacture* for her own Use, and this Necessity brought her acquainted with the *Sweets* of this Branch of *Trade*; so that she soon extended her Views, and became our *Rival* at foreign Markets.

Jest.

Jest. It seems, then, that we may date the Declension of our *Trade* from the *R——n*?

Earn. Without any doubt; but the Security of *Religion* and *Liberty* was an Object of far greater Concern than—

Jest. *Religion* and *Liberty*! Ha, ha! Look for the *first* amongst the *B——s*, and the *latter*—where you can find it.—Well, for these *Jewels*, which are locked up safe in the strong Boxes of good Rulers, poor *Trade* has been forced to limp; and yet one might hope, that after the general Peace it would have recovered its Pace.

Earn. The virtuous *Q. Anne* lived too short a Time after that Peace, to set Matters right.—

Jest. *Right*, quotha! Mr. *Earneſt*, if you would keep your *Lugs*, name not the Word any more. I can't bear the Sound of it; supply its Room by *Wrong*, and you will speak Truth and Sense.

Earn. Well then; *Wrong*, if you will have it so, have all our Measures, with regard to *Trade*, been for many a long Year—

Jest. *With regard to Trade*! Shew me where our Measures have been otherwise with regard to any thing else, and you shall substitute *Right* instead of *Wrong* all your Life long.

Earn. My Power, alas! is too feeble to attempt substituting one Thing for another; but *Wrong* has been done to our *Trade*, both here at home and in our *Colonies*. At *home*, it has been hampered, clogged, tortured and flea'd by Taxes, Laws, Embargoes, and a thousand Restraints: And in our *Colonies*, by indigent, weak and w——d Governors; for the most part, by *Auditors*, *Agents*, *Duties*, *Exactions*, *Depredations*, and unnatural Restraints: And both at *home* and *abroad*, since the *War* particularly, by *Interdictions* and *Captures*, which might partly, at least, be prevented, if some Men were but commonly *honest*.

Jest. Oh, that precious Gem, the *War*!

Earn. As it has been managed, it has turned out to be a national Curse.

Jest. Did you expect it was designed to be a Blessing? Did you ever know a Man forced to do any Thing against his *Grain*, perform it as he ought?—My Comfort is, that I hope the *M——r*, who chiefly conducted the *War* against his *Grain*, will be forced to pay for his Management with his *brazen H——d*; and that, I am sure, will be against the *Grain*.

Earn. If a Man shall be found to have hand-cuffed our Admirals and Generals, to have protracted Supplies of Men, Ships and Stores; in short, to have purposely clogged our Affairs, that we may be tired of the War, and wish for any *Convention* or Peace he should make for us: If such a one there be—

Jest. If such a one there be!—When a Man is in honest Company, I can't bear Doubts. I hate your *Is's*.—'Sdeath! Is it a

Doubt, that the brave *Vernon* was sent out to be sacrific—d? that he had neither Men or Ships sent along with him sufficient to attack the *Havannah* or *Carthagena*, the only Places which, in our Hands, would make *Philip* truckle to at once? Is it a Doubt, that the first Season was entirely lost for want of such Power in that Admiral's Hands, or that the next was lost for want of timely Supplies? Is it doubtful, whether our Men were sacrificed before *Carthagena*, or that the Place would have been taken, if it had been attacked two Months sooner? Is it a Doubt, that it might have been attacked much earlier, if it had not been designed from *home* that the Project should become abortive? Is it a Doubt, that raw *Troops* were sent on that important Service, whilst we had *Veterans* kept at home to awe and intimidate? Is it then a Doubt, that unexperienced *Generals* were sent, whilst the experienced were kept at home, because they had Seats in P——t, or were in Friendship with the great *Remora*? Is it a Doubt, that tho' it was known we had lost three fourths of our Land-forces in that cursed Climate, yet that not above *Three thousand* Men were sent this Year? Is it a Doubt, that no Officers of Experience, or even of common F——e, have been sent this Year; tho' it be notorious, that most of our Officers were dead, and that the surviving are not equal to the important Command?

Is it doubtful, that Mr. *Haddock* has done nothing for near four Years that he has been abroad? Is it a Doubt, that he might have burnt and destroyed the Coast of *Spain*, if he had Orders so to do? or that he would have prevented the late Junction of the *French* and *Spanish* Fleets, if he had been ordered or reinforced? Oh, the damned lousy *Breeches*! cursed *Breeches*, and N—t—y! Is it a Doubt, that *Spain* lately conveyed Two hundred Sails of Transports, and 15,000 Forces, Horse and Foot, from *Barcelona* to *Italy*, with so despicable a Force as three Men of War only? and that the joint *Fleets* have conveyed a second Transportation, in the Sight of our hand-cuffed Admiral? Ignominious Sight! Ignominious *Admiral*, that would not lay down, rather than be the Tool of any *Parasite*! Dastard *Englishman*, that would act a dishonourable Part, out of Consideration to any foreign *Breeches*, Ministers, or even ——? Is it a Doubt, that the House of *Austria* is ruined, the *Balance of Power* destroyed, the *Protestant* Religion and the *Liberties of Europe* in Danger, by our Conduct since the good *English* Queen's Death? Is it a Doubt, that *France* now gives the Law all over *Europe*, rivals us in Trade, and bids fair for universal Monarchy? And is it any Doubt, that we had the Power to clip her Wings, and keep her as low as *Q. Anne* left her? Is it a Doubt, that if we had no foreign Concern, no *Breeches*, *France* would be now in no Condition to enslave Mankind? Is it a Doubt, that our *Debts* are unpaid, our *Taxes* insufferable, and our *Trade* decayed? or that we
are

are hampered by *penal Laws*, sucked dry by Treasury *Legions* of Drones, and frightened and scarred by a *standing Army*? Is it a Doubt, that *Liberty*, my dear Country, and my much honoured — Oh, my Friend! I can no more; my Strength fails, my Spirits— my Speech—

Earn. The honest Creature has hurried himself beyond his Strength—Rest will compose his Spirits, put into too rapid a Motion by his Concern for his Country. Good Man! how few are there like him, who have such a true Regard for their parent Soil? The present Generation, for the most Part, are as lukewarm and indifferent towards their *Country*, as towards *Religion* and *Posterity*—Strange, that rational Beings, Men of Reading, that know they owe their present *Freedom* to the Virtue of their Ancestors, should be quite so regardless of *Posterity* as we daily see them! What would this Generation be, had the *last* taken no more Pains than the *present* to check the Encroachments of Power? Or what will be the Condition of the *next*, should the glorious struggling *Band* either *slacken* or fail in their virtuous Attempts to restore *each* of their Fellow-subjects to his *Bright*, and to *Liberty*, to Affluence, to Ease, and Happiness?—But my Friend seems to labour under some uncommon Weight—

Jest. By all my Hopes it must not be—*Britannia* bow to *France*! May I sooner be buried under the Ruins of this fair Cliff, than live to see that fatal Day!

Earn. His honest Mind is ever employed about his Country. How is it, my Friend? You seem dismayed: What has caused this sudden Transport of your Mind?

Jest. Oh, Mr. *Earnest*, such a Sight—

Earn. Illusion, my Friend—

Jest. Illusion, or Vision, or what else you are pleased to call it, the latter Part of it was the most shocking my Eyes ever beheld, or my Brain conceived. 'Tis probable the whole was owing to my deep Concern for my dear *Country*, and your Picture of *Britannia* by the ingenious *H—g—th*—

Methought I was on *Dover Cliff* casting my Eyes, with a Mixture of Contempt and Pity, on the *slavish* Inhabitants of the neighbouring Shore; when I heard the shrill, but sweet Sound of Trumpets behind me, which drew my Attention and Eyes that Way. Behold here a Sight to gladden the Heart of an *Anchorite*, of any Man but a venal wretched *Pensioner* or *P—e—n*, or Tool to a *M—r*, or—. High above an adoring Crowd, was *Britannia* raised and seated on an Imperial Throne, supported by a Lion and Unicorn, and adorn'd with Trophies and Emblems of Victory, Power, Peace, Plenty, Liberty, Concord and Piety. On every Side of her stood Crowds of her Sons and fair Daughters, with Content in their Faces, and busily employ'd in all Sorts of Trades and Occupations.

Just

Just before the Throne was a Woman, in a Royal Robe bespangled with the Arms of *France*, on one Knee, in a suppliant Posture, offering a blank Scrawl with one Hand, for *Britannia* to write what she pleased, and, with the other, presenting a kneeling Youth, in a *Spanish* Habit, who laid a Regal Crown at *Britannia's* Feet. Next to these was a Youth, who, by his Dew-lap, I knew to be the late *Emperor*, receiving an Imperial Crown, and many Regal Crowns and Ducal Coronets, from the Hand of *Britannia*. Near him was a burly Man, a *Dutch* Cheese in one Hand, and a Paper in the other, on which were the Plans of several Fortresses, which I knew to be *Ipres*, *Namure*, and the Rest of the *Barrier* Towns in the *Netherlands*. This Paper, *Mynbeer Fromage* received from *Britannia* with low *Coupee's*. Behind the *Dutchman* was a Crowd of *Swedes*, *Danes*, *Poles*, Electors and other Princes of the *Empire*, the Deputies of the *Hans Towns*, *Italian* Princes, and the Deputies of *Italian* Republicks, all bowing to *Britannia*, and gratefully owning their *Freedom* to be the Gift of her Power and Generosity. The Duke of *Savoy* stood near her, submissively receiving a Regal Crown from her bountiful Hand. Gratitude, Awe and Reverence were seen in every Eye, and painted on every Brow—On one Hand, the Shore was covered with Merchants, Seamen and Labourers; some shipping off the Manufactures and Products of the Land, and others unloading the Products of both the *Indies*, and all the World besides. The adjacent Sea was covered with Ships of different Nations, which lower'd their Top-sails, and saluted a gallant *British* Fleet, which rid at Anchor in the *Downs*. High on the Summit of the Cliff stood the glorious Ruler of the Land, array'd in all the splendor of Royal Majesty. She, benign Princess, smiled to see the happy Effects of her Power and Conduct, and the Blessings of her People. She was surrounded by a venerable Crowd of Prelates, Nobles and Counsellors; and she and they were guarded by a gallant Troop of Warriors, with true martial Air and Mien. Among the first, I could perceive *Sharp*, *Darwes*, *Compton*, and *Robinson*, *Godolphin*, *Buckingham*, *Cooper*, *Harcourt*, *Holt*, and *Trevor*; and amongst the latter, the great *Marlborough*, *Argyle*, *Temple*, *Stair*, *Orrery*, *Webb*, *Withers*, *Rook*, *Leake*, and *Shovel*. Near the virtuous Queen stood the Figures of *Liberty*, *Concord*, *Piety* and *Religion*; and at a small Distance, a Church crowded with Men and Women, zealously offering up their Vows to Heaven for the Safety of their tender, affectionate Sovereign. The true Mother of her Countrymen and Subjects held a *Cornucopia* in one Hand, and a *Balance* equally poiz'd in the other; and at her Royal Feet lay Heaps of Coin which was liberally distributed by her Orders, by the Figure of *Charity*, to the Weak, Old, and Indigent.

Earn. A glorious reviving Scene!

Jess. But loon, too soon did it vanish; and behold one of Horror and

and Desolation presented itself in its stead. The Sky o'ercast, me thought I heard the Clangor of harsh Instruments, which chill'd the Blood in my Veins, and threw me into Fright and Despair. As soon as I had Power to see whence the horrid Sound I heard proceeded, behold the whole Plain was covered with a Multitude, mostly Strangers by their Dress and Language: I found my self near a Throne, in which sat a Woman, crown'd and rob'd in a Royal Mantle, embroidered with *Flower-de-Luces*. In her right Hand she held a *Scourge*; in her left, *Chains*, which reached to the *Noses* of all about her, except a Man who stood near her in a *Spanish* Habit, crown'd, and his Garment embroidered with *Lilies* and *Flower-de-Luces*. This Monarch distributed with one Hand, three Regal Crowns to three Youths in *Spanish* Dresses, who stood near him; and in the other, he held the Beak of a Ship, adorned with an *English* Lion, with a Chain about his Neck. At the Foot of the Throne lay a *Spread Eagle*, which was cut up in Pieces by a *Cardinal*, and distributed about as the Lady in the Throne directed. Amongst the Crowd who claim'd a Share of this Royal Bird, there was a young Lady with a comely, but dejected Aspect; but neither her Threats, nor Tears prevailing, she was forced to be contented with the *Tail*. I could perceive, that in this Distribution, the old *Carver* slyly dropt a *Wing* into the Queen's own Pocket, tho' she made Proclamation of her Disinterestedness but a Moment before. Before the Throne stood many Men, some with Regal Crowns, some with Ducal Coronets, who agreed to put an *Imperial* Crown on the Head of a middle-aged Man, with his Hands ty'd behind him. These, as the whole multitude, had *Chains* from their *Noses* to the Throne, with this Difference only, that the Chains of some were of Gold, some of Silver; some heavier, some lighter; and the Chain of one particularly was studded with Diamonds. He was a young Man, wore a Regal Crown, and had a *black Eagle* emboss'd on his Robe. Just behind this dazzled young Monarch, stood a *Dutchman*, trembling; but upon the Queen's giving him Assurance that the young Hero should not tread upon his Toe, he agreed not only to wear a *Chain*, but to be sh—t upon by a *Cock* that strided on his brauny Shoulders. I saw that the same young Hero was of Use to the Queen on many Occasions, and particularly, in fright'ning a middle-aged Man, pale-faced, and full-ey'd, what the Vulgar call gogle-ey'd, into a Fit; out of which, as soon as he was recovered, he signed, with a trembling Hand, a *Parchment* handed to him by a *French* Fencing-master.

All this Scene gave me no other Concern, but what arose from general Compassion; but the next who approached the Throne, after this Ceremony of signing the *Parchment*, being the dear *Britannia*, I became all Anguish, all Rage and Despair. *Britannia*, who, but a little before, gave Laws to the known World, without

using

being Chains or any Constraint, was now led up by the last mentioned *pale-faced Man*, to the Foot of the Throne, where, in a *sable* *Robe*, and with a dejected Countenance, she fell prostrate at the Queen's Feet, offering up a Fleece of *Wool* with one Hand, and with the other, a *Chain*, which hung from her useless *Javelin*. To avoid so distasteful a Sight, I cast my Eyes on a separate Group of Men who stood on an Eminence behind me. Here I saw the same *pale-faced Man*, who led up the Mourning *Britannia* to the Throne, hugging close a Pair of *Breeches* under his left Arm; on which was emboss'd, in *White*, an Elephant, Cammel, or *Horse*, or some such Creature. In his Right-hand he held a Pair of *Shears*, with which he snipp'd a fair *Cloak* of superfine Cloth, which was held up near him, between the Paws of a *Lion* and *Unicorn*. The Pieces which he snipp'd from the *Cloak*, from Time to Time, he carefully laid upon the *Breeches*, either to cover Holes or embellish. At the Elbow of this *Snipper* stood a *lusty Man*, seemingly turn'd of his grand Climacterick, who threw down Bars of Gold and Bags of Coin at his Feet with one Hand, and clap'd a Padlock on his Sword with the other. Behind this *lusty Man* stood a *Cardinal*, putting a Purse into the *lusty Man's* Pocket with one Hand, and clapping him on the Shoulder with the other. Close by the *Cardinal* and *lusty Man*, was a Man, half *Clown* half *Ruffian*, who held a *Balance* in one Hand, and with the other, he put three *Lions*, an *Unicorn* and a *Harp* into one of the Scales of the *Balance*; but the *Cardinal* laying only a single *Lily* in the other, that with the *Beasts* and *Harp* presently ticked up into the Air — Here my patience was quite at an end; and so I believe is yours, my Friend, therefore, farewell. We shall soon see how *virtuous* *Country Patriots* will improve the present precious Moments. They are become popular and powerful from the good Opinion of our Fellow-subjects; and should they not answer the publick Expectation —

Earn. We are undone without Resource —

Jest. I dread the Event — Curse on *Ambition*! Curse on *Gold*! or rather, the Curse of Curses, on *Diffimulation*; once again, my shackled Friend, farewell —

Earn. Shackled, Mr. *Jest*.

Jest. Alas, my Friend! can you say you are *Free*; or that any of your Fellow-subjects are intirely so? “You have indeed, to use the *Deliverer's* Words, yet an Opportunity, by God's Blessing, (and the *Patriots* Efforts of the glorious Band, if truly steady and *virtuous*) to secure to you and your *Posterity* the quiet Enjoyment of your Religion and *Liberties*, if you are not wanting to yourselves, but will exert the ancient Vigour of the *English* Nation; but I tell you plainly, my Opinion is, if you do not lay it out on this Occasion, you have no Reason to hope for another.”

